★ JOHN BULL

JOHN BULL 2½D

VOL. LXX 1833

LETTER FROM BERLIN

WORLD STRATEGY By A. G. G.

THE GREAT WAGES MUDDLE

OXYDOL

You can buy
Oxydol everywhere,
1/-, 6d. & 3½d.

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AND MANCHESTER

At the local warden's post
Every night they drink a toast
"Confusion to the Nazi wrecker"
In a glass of bright Woodpecker

Bulmer's Cider

Everyone wants Bulmer's these days, but we cannot at present send your dealer more than his pre-war amount so please do not blame him if he is temporarily out of stock.

H.P. Bulmer & Co., Ltd., Hereford. 9458

See how Andrews Liver Salt refreshes and purifies:

FIRST. Andrews cleans and refreshes the mouth and tongue.

NEXT. Andrews settles the stomach and corrects acidity, the chief cause of indigestion.

THEN. Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

FINALLY. To complete your Inner Cleanliness, Andrews gently clears the bowels . . . . . Prices: 10½d. and 1/6½d. including purchase tax.

ANDREWS
LIVER SALT

1605

HOW THE FRESH-FOOD VITAMINS CAN HELP YOUR CHILDREN

1. They guard against infection. 2. They promote sturdy growth; strengthen the bones and teeth; prevent rickets. 3. They help to keep the skin and hair healthy. 4. They help the eyes to see at night.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA gives you an extra supply of Fresh-Food Vitamins

Prices: quarter-lb. 5d. half-lb. 9½d.

There are those who work in the hope of reward and others who find their reward in their work. But all work seems like play when it is done to the accompaniment of

PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

IT IS NOW MORE THAN EVER NECESSARY TO EMPTY YOUR PACKET AT THE TIME OF PURCHASE AND LEAVE IT WITH YOUR TOBACCONIST.

J.A.C. 5814

GIVE YOUR TEETH A SHINE WITH

Gibbs
DENTIFRICE

7½ and 1/3 including Tax
Prices U.K. only

Cleans Best
No Mess
No Waste
Lasts Longest

W. & W. GIBBS LTD. ISLEWORTH, MIDDX.

Open up for MALTESERS

Irresistible chocolate bubbles with crisp honeycomb centres that taste deliciously malty and give you food value besides. Do you wonder you can never say no to Maltesers!

Sorry you can't get all you want — supplies are rationed!

2½ lb

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, August 2, 1941, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"

NO PROMOTION

● **"Subject to the approval of the Commanding Officer" is a phrase that blocks the Army careers of many promising men.**

There are so many square pegs in round holes, not for want of square holes, but because of the C.O.'s power to keep a man where he is.

Circulars are sent to all units concerning vacancies for special jobs. Often the C.O. decides that not any of his men are interested—and they never hear of the vacancies.

Sometimes the circulars are posted up. Qualified men submit their names. But if the C.O. doesn't want to lose them, he sends in a "Nil" return, and there the matter ends.

Of course, the men can appeal to a higher authority. But this must be done through the very officer whom the men suspect of "blocking" their applications.

So skilled men remain as officers' servants. Schoolmasters needed for Army educational work are kept on routine clerical work. Able men get no chance of a commission.

Surely the War Office could devise a better system of "talent-spotting"?

Straight from the Shoulder

WE WANT ACTION

DON'T let Russia down!

Her people are taking terrific blows. They are hitting back with force and fury.

But, for all their skill and stamina, they need help.

We can give it.

Not Enough

The British public wishes to give the maximum help to our ally. The British Government must by now be aware of dissatisfaction with what is being done.

Certainly, the R.A.F. is putting down its bombs on Germany, while the Russians put down the German bombers.

But the public would like our air offensive to be even greater.

Hit and Withdraw!

Certainly, it is still impossible for us to invade the Continent.

But the public wonders if there are no "soft spots" along the 2,000-mile coastline of Nazi-controlled Europe where swift raids might have something more than a nuisance value.

New Perils

In other directions, too, we need to move with the utmost vigour and speed.

In our own land. Because if Russia is weakened, the full force of Naxidom will be hurled against *us*.

In the Middle East. Because a "second front" may be opened—in the region of Turkey or farther west along the Mediterranean.

In the Far East. Because of Japan's policy of greed-and-grab.

That Word Again

Unfortunately, our efforts are governed by a word of which we are all tired: Production.

It is a word that is more than ever in the news. A word on which depends not only our help to Russia, but our own chances of survival and victory.

Now, at last, it is taken very seriously by the Cabinet. And we are given to expect an improvement in the production of war materials.

Sack for Them

More important than the new Ministerial changes are new Ministerial methods.

The Government has taken power to sack inefficient managements in any undertaking brought under State control.

It is to be put into effect immediately in certain big factories.

No Plan

Usually, however, the inefficiency is not deliberate.

It arises from lack of planning and by the appointment of inexperienced people as managers.

"There is utter lack of co-operation here," six workers write to us from a great aircraft works.

"Each charge hand tries to grab a big job—heedless of whether the job could be done better in another department. The muddle is inconceivable."

Four-fold Forms

Employers are overwhelmed by shoals of official forms. They have to employ extra staff to deal with them.

Some of these forms cancel each other out. Many are obviously useless.

Some employers are so sick of them that they have told JOHN BULL: "If the country's interests weren't at stake we'd refuse to accept war contracts."

Clogging the Wheels

That is why we say: Britain needs new methods more than new men.

We cannot change the whole Civil Service system in the midst of history's greatest war.

But we can at least prevent it from clogging the wheels of our war industries.

On the "Dole"

We cannot do without the enormous departments in Whitehall. We can insist that their orders are co-ordinated.

Many hundreds of strong, skilled men in the Welsh tinplate industry are on short time. Often they work only two shifts in two or three weeks.

When they queue-up for the "dole" they gaze at posters that shout, "Wales needs war workers."

Coal Shortage

The coal position is bad.

Let us mince no words about that. It is bad because it has been tackled badly.

Too many miners have been drafted into the Army. The Army is reluctant to part with them—naturally, because miners make magnificent soldiers.

But JOHN BULL still says they should be released for work in the pits until the Army really needs them.

Short Commons

Men now in the pits must have more food.

Too often the miner's wife returns from shopping with an empty basket. No fish, no potatoes! And the meagre meat ration must be eked out over three days!

Whitehall does not realise that heavy workers need abundant food. Yet it granted them heavy rations in the last war.

Overlooked

Whitehall appeals for builders. The country is indeed in urgent need of them.

Yet we know a builder, who employs a dozen men and has ample plant, who must accept private odd jobs because he cannot get war work.

Whitehall has not yet mobilised the "small man."

Topsy-Turvy

We have the largest Army ever stationed in this country. We are still increasing it—with men drawn from useful jobs.

No balance has yet been struck between the needs of the Army and the needs of industry.

We haven't yet learned that machines are more important than the *numbers* of men, that equipment and quality are the best tests of an army.

Back-room Soldiers

There are too many soldiers who have fired only one or two rounds in a year and who have never handled a tommy gun.

Mostly, of course, they are specialist tradesmen.

But does the War Office think that, if invasion comes, the Nazis won't be so caddish as to attack technical units?

Inviting Trouble

Besides, men in fighting regiments are still ordered to make themselves conspicuous to the enemy.

In many units, rifle butts must be highly polished and rifle straps blanco-ed.

Other units have learned the lessons of modern warfare.

But in the Army, as in war industry, there is a lack of co-ordination.

Super-Trained

Often, indeed, it is difficult to know what the Army wants.

For thirteen weeks a soldier was trained as a searchlight operator. He passed his proficiency test and was recommended for speedy promotion.

Instead, he was made a gunner. Then, after a few months, he was trained for certain electrical work.

Back to the Guns

At the examination, he was top of the list. So they sent him back to the guns!

Next, they trained him as a physical training instructor—which he had been in civil life.

Having been passed as a qualified instructor, he has been sent back to the guns again.

Co-ordinate!

That little story typifies the lack of clear planning that is all too apparent in Britain's war effort.

Our leaders have simply got to make up their minds about what they want and change their methods in order to get it.

New methods of co-ordination will bring tanks trundling out of the factories in prodigious numbers, send new ships down the slipway, and put more bombers into the sky.

Need for Speed

But first we must plan our needs. We must stop the jostling for men and materials between rival Services.

We must learn the lessons of Crete and Russia, and train every soldier accordingly, before swelling the Army with factory workers and the unfit.

All this must be done quickly. For great demands may be made on us sooner than we expect. And Russia wants help *now*.

(Continued overleaf)

LUCKY LADY RACHEL

● **"This sort of thing has to be stopped," said the magistrate, who ordered Lady Rachel Stuart to pay a fine of £10 and costs.**

We agree with him. It must be stopped.

But we disagree if he thinks a fine of £10 on Lady Rachel is likely to deter other wealthy people from misusing the stuff of war.

Lady Rachel, you remember, was convicted of unlawfully having R.A.F. petrol.

She said it was given to her by a friend, and that it would be useful for her A.R.P. work. She stored some and put the rest in the tank of her shooting brake.

It was said in court that a person in Lady Rachel's position should know better.

She is the wife of the Chief Government Whip and a sister of the Duke of Devonshire.

No doubt she is a lucky woman to hold that social position.

Certainly she is lucky to be able to maintain her shooting brake in war time.

Big cars, petrol and chauffeurs are needed in war time for something more important than social duties.

And that is a tip to all wealthy people—no matter how they obtain their petrol.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

SIR KINGSLEY WOOD is going to hand over several million pounds a year to prevent a rise in rail fares.

Other big subsidies are going for coal, gas and electricity. Food subsidies are also to be increased as primary prices rise.

It's a Lot

Treasury is in fact prepared to spend £250,000,000 a year on subsidies, nearly two and a half times the present figure.

Object is to stabilise the cost of living and thus help Sir Kingsley's plan to peg wages.

Nevertheless, an extension of rationing will be necessary to close a dangerous gap.

Too Old at Thirty-five

Mr. Bevin wants shopgirls replaced by women up to sixty years of age. But women in the thirties and forties find it hard to get war work.

One of the latter, in good health, registered last March at Kingston Employment Exchange, saying that she had experience of machinery and had been an examiner.

"But this is quite a different war from the last one," said the official.

However, she was given cards to two factories. At both she was told that women over thirty-five couldn't be taken.

Unwanted

She next tried for canteen work, thinking she might at least be able to wash dishes and peel potatoes.

"Sorry," said officialdom, "but there are no vacancies for women over thirty-five."

We've heard many similar cases.

Fashion Fetish

We even know an ex-Serviceman of the last war who has lost his job as messenger to a savings organisation because, during the heat wave, he appeared one day in an open-necked shirt.

Who was it who said that every man and woman were needed to help our war effort? Could it have been Mr. Churchill?

Slow March

New Army Council order aims at making it impossible for enemy agents to get addresses of military units from hotel registers.

JOHN BULL first drew attention to this danger—on January 11.

Maybe the Army Council gets its newspapers late.

Arrested—by Error

Army bigwigs should also be interested in the case of a Letchworth man who has been arrested as a deserter. But he's never been in the Army.

Receiving notice of his medical examination, he was told by his firm that it had been cancelled because he was engaged on reserved work.

He changed his job but gave details to Ministry of Labour officials, who told him they would file a report and thus save him further action.

Then he was arrested and kept in custody for two days.

No Evidence

Having no evidence that the man had ever belonged to an Army unit, the magistrates have released him.

But it seems to us that this official muddle demands an explanation.

Soldier in Specs

Among the first volunteers at war's outbreak was a young clerk who wore spectacles. Posted to a regimental office, he proved efficient and was promoted.

Recently he saw the M.O. about new spectacles—to be told that his eyesight makes him unfitted for Army service.

Waste of a Man

His sight is no worse than when he joined up, but he's now being discharged, much against his will.

He is going back to a non-essential job as a clerk.

No doubt some skilled engineer will be shoved into khaki to take his place.

Army Shopping

Officers concerned with anti-waste measures should examine the log-book of an Army doctor stationed near his home.

Army car calls for him each morning to take him to camp, whisks him home for lunch and back again, and returns him comfortably in the evening.

Same car takes a batman into the town to do the household shopping. Even neighbours have been offered use of the car for the same purpose—but they had more patriotic ideas.

Petrol Puzzle

Rather similar allegation concerns an R.A.F. station, where pure aviation spirit is taken by the pailful to clean equipment and afterwards thrown away.

It is said that once, when six gallons were drawn for a legitimate purpose and only two gallons used, an N.C.O. ordered the other four gallons to be thrown away.

We are sending details to the Air Ministry, which will know how to deal with them.

Mansion for One

For months a London school has searched in vain for country accommodation. In an Essex town, where cottages are crowded with evacuees, stands a sixteen-roomed house.

It is occupied by one person and a staff of servants.

Not Wanted

Expectant mother, sent as an evacuee to a Hertfordshire house, left to go to a maternity hospital. Returning with her baby, she was made welcome and treated as a friend—until last week.

Then she was told to find temporary accommodation elsewhere because the householder's relatives are going to the house for a three weeks' holiday.

So the soldier's wife is having to bring her baby back to London.

Some billeting officers don't seem to know their powers.

Youth to the Fore

Conservative and Liberal Parties intend to make it easier for able young men to enter politics.

Unless the Labour Party adopts similar measures, it may find itself handicapped after the war.

Its M.P.s have a much older average age than their political rivals. Far too many Labour seats are saved for superannuated trade union officials.

Full House

There's a lack of seats, too, at the Ministry of Information.

One highly paid official—important enough to have two secretaries—is perched on a broken chair in a room with twenty-four other people.

Maybe the nice chairs are reserved for Foreign Office obstructionists?

Penny, Please!

What's a penny worth? Answer seems to be £870,000, for that's the total raised so far by the Red Cross Penny-a-Week Fund.

In nearly 400 towns, house-to-house collections are made. Thirty-eight thousand firms are co-operating. More than five million workers are regular contributors.

But as there are more than 15,000,000 wage earners now, there ought to be a lot more penny-a-weekers.

Are you doing your bit?

Bakers' Dodges

Those bakers who think more of their own profits than the public's health, and therefore dislike the new wheatmeal loaf, are still trying all sorts of dodges to avoid selling it.

Latest is to send out their roundsmen with white bread in excess of demand and too few brown loaves.

Threaten to change your baker and you'll soon stop such tricks.

Wasted Transport

Here's something else about food, though you wouldn't think so at first.

War factory wanted rail waggons. There were seventy-one on the sidings. But they couldn't be used as they had to go back to the depot for cleaning.

Why? Because they had carried a consignment of 8,000 cases of eggs. All bad, of course.

Messy Muddle

We say "of course" because reports still come in from many towns of huge quantities of eggs allowed to go rotten.

Distribution side of the rationing scheme obviously needs more thought than Whitehall has so far given it.

Round and Round

If you want to rear poultry from day-old chicks, you need a ration card for special chick food.

You cannot get the card until the chicks are actually in your possession. Your application goes to St. Anne's-on-Sea and takes about a week to go through various departments.

In the meantime, you can't buy chick food. So you have to use, instead, human breakfast food, which is the very thing the rationing scheme is supposed to prevent.

Keeping Up Profits

Incidentally, big catering firms are being given tons of tomatoes to put into cold storage till winter.

Very nice for the caterers, seeing that they already charge 5d. or 6d. for a single cooked tomato.

We'd prefer the supplies to be released to the greengrocers.

Behind the News

● **300,000 Polish soldiers and 400,000 civilians, taken prisoners when Russia walked into Poland, have been released to form a new army. Russia is helping them to join the Allies; first lot have arrived in Iraq.**

● **100,000** *Czechs in Russia, also given full liberty, have volunteered for service with the Allies and are on their way.*

● **Benes of Czecho-Slovakia and Sikorsky of Poland have cleared up old differences, may soon be joined in a new Central-European alliance by Otto of Hungary. Another blow to Hitler's "New Order."**

● **Trouble in Bulgaria grows. Information of every Nazi move, also plans of new German aerodromes are being sent over the border to Russia.**

● *Nazi petrol stocks have never been so low or faced such bleak prospects of replenishment.*

● **Dissension in the Nazi High Command has extended. The Army party blames Nazi extremists for misleading Hitler into thinking that Russia could be finished off within a month. Himmler, Ribbentrop and Goebbels have been personally threatened by Army leaders.**

● **Losses in men and munitions have appalled them all. Nazi estimates reckon their losses in the first three weeks exceed six months' "all in" Nazi war production.**

● *Human losses are irreparable so far as quality is concerned. Million shock and specialist troops, top cream of the Army, have been put out of action. So have thousands of airmen.*

● **Watch Baron Edmund von Thermann, Nazi Ambassador in the Argentine. He is successor as chief Nazi spy and propagandist in the Western Hemisphere of Captain Wiedemann, lately expelled from the U.S.A.**

● **Thermann's latest job was fomenting the Peru-Ecuador frontier conflict. He offered fabulous bribes to both nations.**

● *Thermann is paying out big sums to unemployed Argentinians in the form of "Winterhelp." Most of them live on the border of the jungle—as a witty South-American remarked: the only legitimate sphere of Nazi activity.*

● **Thermann also keeps an eye on the 22,000 miles of German-controlled South American airlines. Americans describing them as "spy-lines" regard them as time-bombs laid at a very vulnerable part of American economy.**

GREAT WAGES MUDDLE

SPREAD the thinnest coat of whitewash you can contrive and you will get a fair idea of the Government's statement on its wages policy.

This "policy"—or lack of it—has now brought the T.U.C. into open conflict with the Government.

The full, willing and contented support of the workers is essential for the efficient conduct of the war.

Organised labour has given that support.

In return, it asks for higher wages to meet the higher cost of living and for a more reasonable share in the proceeds of their industry.

The Government says that this cannot be done.

It says that if wages rise, then prices will rise, too.

And both will continue to rise in a vicious spiral. The result will be uncontrollable inflation.

NOT ONLY THE GOVERNMENT, BUT THE T.U.C., WISHES TO AVOID THAT DISASTER. SO DOES EVERY INTELLIGENT MAN AND WOMAN IN THE COUNTRY.

We all know what Inflation means. The very word is a nightmare.

Inflation would make your pounds worth no more than pence. It would make it impossible for you to afford the vital necessities of life.

Bluntly, we should half-starve.

There's no dispute about that. The trouble concerns the way to prevent it.

Without Fear or Favour • by THE EDITOR

The Government's view is given in a White Paper published last week.

The T.U.C.'s standpoint was made clear on the same day.

Consider the White Paper first.

It says: "Increases in wages or other incomes would not make more goods available."

No. Of course not.

We don't need a White Paper to remind us that there's a war on, and that in war it is necessary to restrict the peace time manufacture of many kinds of goods.

But apparently the Government needs a reminder.

It needs reminding that most wage increases are used to buy goods that are absolutely necessary for life. In other words, to buy food.

The White Paper gives the Cost of Living figure as 125-130 in terms of the pre-war level. In practice it is a good deal higher.

Ask the housewife!

It says that rising wages necessarily cause rises in the cost of production.

It should say: NOT necessarily.

Because, in the very next paragraph, employers are urged to eliminate waste.

If waste were cut out, higher wages would be possible in many cases *without* increasing production costs.

Moreover, dividends are still very high in some industries.

It is no answer that heavy profits are heavily taxed.

If an industry is prosperous enough to declare dividends of 50 or 100 per cent., then obviously it is prosperous enough to pay higher wages without increasing the charges for its goods.

In other words, it is already charging too much for its products.

THERE IS MORE THAN A SUSPICION THAT, IN SOME CASES, "PRODUCTION COSTS" ARE ARTIFICIALLY INFLATED IN ORDER TO AVOID TAXATION.

THAT IS WHY YOU READ OF BOYS OF SIXTEEN "EARNING" £8 OR £10 A WEEK

Such cases, admittedly, are exceptions. They tend to draw a false picture in uninformed minds.

The truth is that, generally speaking, wages have not risen in harmony with the dearer cost of living.

But, says the Government, wages must be pegged to avoid inflation.

At first sight, that statement seems incontrovertibly true.

Yet it is only half the truth.

The full truth is that wages and *prices must be pegged.*

One without the other is useless. What is worse, it is highly dangerous.

For it would encourage precisely that which we all wish to avoid—Inflation.

If wages are kept down while prices soar, the result is Misery. Let there be no mistake about that.

It is for this reason that the T.U.C. answers the Government curtly:

"The General Council, in considering these arguments, expressed the emphatic view that any attempt to control movements for increases of wages is impracticable and undesirable."

Of course, the Government spends a great deal of money in subsidies designed to keep down the cost of living.

As we report on the preceding page, it is prepared to spend a great deal more.

BUT—AND IT IS A BIG BUT—THERE HAS BEEN GREAT DELAY IN ENFORCING PRICE CONTROL.

There should have been a bold, comprehensive and far-sighted plan right from the start of the war. In fact, it should have been ready before the war.

Instead, this vital problem has been met with piecemeal expedients.

The time-lag between these various piecemeal measures has caused considerable hardship to the poorer sections of the community.

For example, the price of fish was controlled only recently. For months it rocketed so high that most people could not afford it.

Even now, the controlled price is too high for the poor. Yet the poor need fish to eke out their meat rations.

Again, it is now proposed to make it impossible for any trader to deal in foodstuffs without a licence.

This will eliminate speculators who have cornered the market and forced up prices to exorbitant heights.

THE NEED FOR THIS STEP HAS BEEN APPARENT SINCE THE EARLY DAYS OF THE WAR. IT HAS LONG BEEN ADVOCATED BY JOHN BULL AND OTHERS.

YET, TWENTY-THREE MONTHS AFTER WAR'S OUTBREAK, IT IS ONLY NOW BEING WORKED OUT BY THE GOVERNMENT!

MEANWHILE, millions of workers have found and still find it impossible to buy all the essential goods they need on their present wages.

The Cabinet must realise that they do not ask for higher wages to buy grand pianos and motor-cars.

They want more money to buy the necessities of modern life.

If prices are rigidly controlled and kept at a stable and reasonably low level, then obviously there will be no need for wage rises.

The White Paper tacitly admits that this has not been achieved.

It hints that "there may be proper grounds for adjustment in certain cases, particularly among comparatively low paid grades and categories of workers."

Clearly, this is no policy at all.

In one breath, the Government condemns wage increases.

In the next, it admits that wage increases may be justified.

"Low paid grades" are usually poorly organised. They have no powerful support for their claim to better wages.

Moreover, the T.U.C. fears that the applications would in any case be turned down now the Government is known to frown on wage increases.

And who will press the claim to a reasonable level of subsistence on behalf of disabled ex-Servicemen and other small pensioners?

The answers are as obvious as the nature of the remedy.

RATIONING AND PRICE CONTROL MUST BE EXTENDED TO EVERY NECESSITY AND NEAR NECESSITY.

LUXURIES, NOW RESTRICTED, SHOULD BE ABOLISHED ENTIRELY. DIVIDENDS MUST BE SCALED DOWN.

VERY LOW INCOMES WOULD BE INCREASED TO ALLOW ADEQUATE PURCHASES OF ESSENTIAL FOODS.

ONCE wages have been brought up to a level on which a reasonable standard of life can be maintained, then, and only then, should all wages be pegged.

Given this comprehensive plan, it might be found that higher-paid workers would find themselves with spare money.

Money, this is to say, that could not be spent on luxuries simply because there were no luxuries available.

In that case, it might be necessary to extend the "deferred savings" form of income tax.

Meanwhile, organised labour cannot be accused of a dog-in-the-manger policy.

It has behaved reasonably. It cannot be held responsible for the very grave situation that threatens to develop unless the Government offers a reasonable, clear and final plan for our war time economy.

There *must* be a decent standard of living. There *must* be general price control and a complete rationing of goods. Dividends *must* be brought down to fair levels.

It's up to the Government!

HUMAN MACHINE

Prizes for All

● To say that life will always be to a large extent what we make it is to say far more than the platitude it may sound.

Life—that is to say, the result of living—is quite definitely something that we can achieve in the way we wish. It can be successful or it can be the very reverse.

Now that is not to say that we can achieve "success" as and how we wish, if by "success" you mean the things that are generally thought to be the prizes of life.

Obviously we can't be rich, famous, influential and the rest just as and how we like.

But is all that the true meaning of success? May it not be that there is another meaning, and one that is well within the reach of all?

It may indeed be so.

It is so.

Successful living is not a thing that depends on being awarded material prizes by our fellows.

Successful living is something much subtler and much more important than that.

It is to be measured by one thing alone—our own satisfaction with our own efforts: our own knowledge that we have done well and that we have done our best. And this is something that cannot be measured by material reward.

Life is really a mirror—a mirror of our own individual selves. When we condemn it we are nearly always condemning ourselves.

It may be in some sense a lucky dip, but it is a dip that contains prizes for all. All we have to do is to plunge our hands in and grab!

OPEN LETTERS

Mr. BRENDAN BRACKEN, M.P., Minister of Information

DEAR SIR,—You had a good Press on your appointment to high office. You'll get a better one if you give us Propaganda with a punch.

Propaganda is one of the most effective weapons of modern warfare. But we use it as an elderly spinster might toy with a croquet mallet at a vicarage garden party.

This is the moment to wield it with full force

We need not—and should not—adopt Goebbels' tactics. But we can and must beat him at his own game.

He is already dizzy with the shock of the Russian campaign. Now give him the knock-out blow!

The V campaign is a finely conceived idea. It is, indeed, the best idea produced by the Allies since war began.

It is not enough for our purpose, however. It is too passive. It has some of the disadvantages of wishful thinking.

So we must combine it with other methods.

We must undermine Nazi morale with facts and arguments. We must do so constantly, remorselessly, bluntly and artfully by turns, with derision and with scathing emphasis.

We must spare none. We must attack all who are not with us. We must hearten all who are with us.

Do this, and you will do much to shorten the war.

You will also incur the displeasure of a few dim-sighted Britons. Ignore them.

There is a teacup storm over the recent forceful broadcast that rebuked P. G. Wodehouse for his radio talks from Berlin.

The archbishops of the B.B.C. raised their lily-white hands in horror. "Such bad taste!" they wailed.

But the Ministry of Information insisted on the broadcast being made. And the Ministry was justified.

Let us have this forcefulness in every branch of our propaganda service. Let us see you thrashing Lie-Doctor Goebbels despite the outraged cries of the Foreign Office and the B.B.C.

You have Mr. Churchill's ears, it is said. He never minces his words. You do not mince your own.

So I'm hoping for some Churchillian colour and Brackenish bluntness in Britain's addresses to the world. Surely it isn't too much to expect?—JOHN BULL.

The ENGINEER, Haltemprice U.D.C., Yorkshire

DEAR SIR,—In June last year a man living on the outskirts of a city applied for an air raid shelter.

For six months of the year his wife and child are alone at night, and they have had some near-misses from bombs.

You promise delivery of the shelter "at the earliest possible moment." Next year, I presume.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. R. S. HUDSON, M.P., Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—I draw your attention to a most serious allegation.

A farm has been seized by a war agricultural committee because it is said to be derelict.

The farmer alleges that the seizure was engineered by a member of the committee who has tried several times to buy the farm.

The farmer can produce pictures of his fine crops, and signed statements by two valuers.

Appealing to your Ministry for a rehearing, he has offered to give £25 to the Red Cross if it is established that he is wrong.

Your Ministry refuses to investigate.

In view of the circumstances, I regard that decision as monstrous.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ANTHONY EDEN, M.P., Foreign Secretary

DEAR SIR,—You are rightly regarded as an excellent Minister. But when you speak, I invariably wish I were deaf.

Your tones are so glum, so depressing, that I sometimes expect you to burst into tears. Even when you broadcast a "message of cheer" to our Allies, you are mournfully funereal.

Why not get someone else to read your broadcast messages?—JOHN BULL.

Dr. HENRY WILSON, Bishop of Chelmsford

MY LORD.—Wherever I went last week I found people talking of your honesty and common-sense.

Just because you'd said you could shake hands with a non-praying Stalin, but not with Pétain, Darlan, Mussolini or Weygand, "who go happily to their Mass with dishonour and trickery in their hearts."

Of course that's honest! But what a pity it is so unusual a viewpoint for a bishop that it prompts excited comment. —JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P., Home Secretary

DEAR SIR,—Police in Kettering and Harrogate have stopped food queues. But the trouble is growing in other towns, and there are even 50-ft. queues outside cake shops.

The Food Ministry has no power to intervene. But you have, surely.

Will you not issue a general direction on the matter to all police forces?—JOHN BULL.

General Sir ALAN BROOKE, Commander-in-Chief, Home Forces

DEAR GENERAL,—For a year you've had command of the biggest Army ever kept in this country. You've changed all sorts of out-of-date methods, but are you not being obstructed still by out-of-date men?

Some commanding officers flout the official "no polishing of brasses" order. Indeed, men are given C.B. punishment for not polishing the *inside* of brasses.

In some units three shades of blanco must be used. Respirators have to be ruined so that they should appear "neat and tidy."

Spit-and-polish is an ingredient of discipline, certainly. But it should not be made a fetish.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P., Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—Those body-snatching doctors of yours are either too stupid or too obstinate to heed your instructions.

This week I've heard of four men suffering from chronic asthma who have been passed "fit" by the call-up medical boards.

Fit for what? Men who lie awake coughing all night aren't likely to prove good fighters.—JOHN BULL.

The RECORDS OFFICER, Shrewsbury

DEAR SIR,—Has the soft air of the West Country lulled you into a Rip Van Winkle sleep?

An N.C.O. was discharged a year ago with a bad heart. He was given a temporary discharge certificate but no statement of accounts.

Ever since he has tried in vain to get any arrears of pay that may be due to him. And he is still waiting for his proper discharge certificate.

A year's a long time.—JOHN BULL.

The BOROUGH COUNCIL, Holborn, London

GENTLEMEN,—It's shabby to make paid A.R.P. workers go on holiday without their holiday week's pay, which is withheld until they return.

You don't treat your permanent staff in this way. Why the difference?—JOHN BULL.

The TOWN COUNCIL, Halifax

GENTLEMEN,—By a majority, you have refused to allow A.F.S. men to smoke or visit a tavern while in uniform.

A churlish attitude towards a fine body of men who work 24 hours on duty followed by 24 hours off, and one which will hardly make them better fire-fighters.—JOHN BULL.

Air-Marshal CARROD, Air Member for Training

DEAR SIR,—You know what "browned off" means in R.A.F. slang. Well, that's the condition of a volunteer who was accepted by the R.A.F. eighteen weeks ago and has heard nothing since.

I dare say you want to have a good many men in reserve. But need training be so unduly deferred?—JOHN BULL.

Alderman W. JOHNSON, Coventry County Police Court

YOUR WORSHIP,—A man buried five puppies alive. Police found him planting cabbages on the ground from which the creatures were squealing.

"A very bad and heartless case," you said. It was.

But, tell me, why did you merely order that black-hearted fiend to pay a fine of £3 and costs?—JOHN BULL.

The Tie Has Had Its Day

ARGUE IT OUT
By Pallas

AMONG my friends are men who have been to Eton, Harrow, Radley, Uppingham, Rugby, Winchester. Not all of them flaunt the old school tie. A few who do are worthless people, charming, versed in the art of living, suave, worldly and utterly hedonistic.

Most of the others are doing a good job of work. Some are in the R.A.F., some in the fire-fighting services.

None of them is in politics, which is a pity, because I could then have written with personal knowledge on the theme engendered by Capt. Cunningham-Reid's attack in the House of Commons on the old school tie.

According to the gallant captain (educated University College, London, and Clare College, Cambridge), the old school tie domination in politics is the greatest menace to Britain to-day. (I should have voted Nazi Germany as our greatest menace, but I'll let it pass.)

Now, the old school tie tradition has its roots deep in history. In the past it has served Britain well. It has been represented by some of the finest men who ever wandered in the far places of the world and colonised vast tracts of Empire.

That is the good side of the old school tie tradition—service. It may be argued that such service to the State was, and is, selfish. For it is primarily directed to maintaining the gap between the "haves" and the "have-nots."

* * *

The old school tie is redolent of land, of money, of possessions and of class distinction. It is a symbol of leisure, and, to some degree, of the right to live handsomely at the expense of others.

But whether it is still as powerful as Capt. Cunningham-Reid suggests is dubious. Before the war certain people and certain interests behind the political scene undoubtedly swayed the destinies of the nation.

I don't think they do to-day. The old school tie does not dominate the Cabinet now.

Mr. Churchill and Capt. Margesson, the Secretary of State for War, are old Harrovians; Sir Archibald Sinclair is an old Etonian.

On the other hand, Lord Beaverbrook, most dynamic and ruthless of go-getters, learned the three "Rs" at a public (board) school. Mr. A. V. Alexander and Mr. Herbert Morrison are both products of elementary schools. And Lord Woolton was at Manchester Grammar School, which, although ranking as a public school, is a great educational institution and is not riddled with the old school tie tradition.

Again, Mr. Eden recently promised far-reaching reforms in the Diplomatic Service. Social standing and private wealth are not to take precedence over ability and merit.

* * *

This threat to sweep away one of the last strongholds of the old school tie caste should have been made and carried into effect years ago.

Our diplomatic record since Versailles is one long, miserable story of blunders, misjudgments and ignorance.

The old school tie crowd let us down all the way from Versailles to Munich. Either they would not or could not see the portents pointing to the present war.

There are plenty of brains in this country—and they are not all outwardly graced by ties of famous schools. We are moving to a new tempo and we need new men to keep up with the furious measure.

Those men should be pressed into service whether they come from elementary schools or public schools. In a total war like this one there is no room for muddlers, for incompetent men in key positions.

Let's forget old school ties and go in for new school methods.

WILLI FRISCHAUER, Austrian journalist, had exceptional opportunities of studying the Nazis and their ways before he fled to this country. He tears off the tinsel of their trappings to reveal how they behave among themselves

Hitler's Grisly Gang With Masks Off

IN the last room at the end of the long corridor which runs through the ground floor of the Wilhelmstrasse Chancellery a young man jumped to his feet, his hand on the butt of the revolver in his hip-pocket.

His name was Schaub, and he was Hitler's principal bodyguard. He had been aroused by a noise next door, in Hitler's study.

Looking through a peep-hole he saw his Fuehrer gesticulating and exchanging angry words with Goering. Schaub was at once reassured. His hand came off the revolver and nonchalantly he resumed his seat.

This incident, described to me once by a close friend of Schaub, came to my mind when I saw the latest reports about a new quarrel between Hitler and Goering. They occur so frequently that few in Hitler's entourage take much notice of them.

All of the men close to Hitler have at one time or another witnessed such a scene; have seen Goering rushing out of Hitler's room, angry and red in the face, banging the door behind him.

But they have also seen him coming back a few days later and, after a heart-to-heart talk, kissing Hitler on both cheeks before he departed.

The Evidence

I have collected enough evidence about the life in high Nazi circles to obtain a fairly complete picture. It should enable us to judge for ourselves whether, and under what circumstances, we may expect a rift between the different factions, or even a new purge.

The last leading foreigner who has seen Hitler recently is the American ex-Ambassador in Belgium, Cudahy, who interviewed him for an American magazine. He said that Hitler was obviously under a terrific nervous strain, looking haggard and pale like a prisoner who has long been deprived of the sunshine.

Hitler always looks like this when he is due for another of his breakdowns, when he is under the stress of emotion, when something has gone wrong, or when he plans a coup which he knows is a dangerous gamble.

At such times the tone in which the Nazi leaders converse reminds one even more of the gang life which is a feature of Nazidom.

Hitler himself, Goering and all the others of the old Nazi guard suddenly forget the high-handed titles by which they wish to be known to the world, and—in saner moments—even among themselves. They revert to the back-room quarrels of their early days. Fists are shaken, threats are frequent, tempers flare up.

Do not imagine that Hitler escapes plain speaking on such occasions. Goering is not a bit afraid of him. He rarely shows Hitler the respect which one would expect. Though, by force of habit, he calls him "Mein Fuehrer," he has often been heard to refer to Hitler as "that man" long before Mr. Churchill's oratory made this invective world-famous.

Invariably when there is a rift between Hitler and Goering, the fat Field-Marshal retires to Karinhall, his estate on the Schorfheide near Berlin. Then you may see a curious pilgrimage of Nazidom's most influential personalities to Goering's house.

All these men will come to see Goering and show him drastically that they do not expect him to fall from grace permanently. They are anxious to show that they remain faithful to him even during a "crisis."

Vindictive Goering

This can easily be explained. They know that the "crisis" is not likely to last longer than two or three weeks, that Hitler and Goering will quickly be reconciled, that Goering resents people who seem to take sides against him, and that he is even more vindictive than Hitler.

A wealthy industrialist who once failed to pay his respects to Goering at such a time was out of business within two weeks. "I'll show him whether I am through" was all that Goering said.

What makes the atmosphere among the Nazi leaders sometimes so explosive is the fact that every one of the leaders employs a gang of toughs and bodyguards who will sometimes anticipate their principal's wishes. That may spell danger for a personal enemy even in high position.

Goering, for instance, protects himself against Gestapo-Himmler's thugs with a bodyguard that friend and enemy would find it difficult to penetrate.

Himmler and Goering have quarrelled for years—ever since Goering relinquished the command of the Gestapo which he created. He resents the rise of Himmler to so much power.

Once Himmler arrested two of Goering's intimates and refused to set them free. When Goering appealed to Hitler—as all Nazi leaders do when they disagree among one another—Himmler was forced to order the release of the men in Goering's presence.

The reply came back that the men had been shot—while trying to escape! That was how Himmler avoided disobeying Hitler—and obliging Goering.

Goering jumped at Himmler's throat. While Hitler looked on, their aides separated them with difficulty.

The story, however, got round so fast that Hitler forced them to write complimentary letters to each other. They were published in Himmler's newspaper to dispel the rumours.

Truth Behind Rumours

These rumours are almost always true—in a sense. The quarrels rarely have the deep political significance which is often attributed to them. They are just part of the Nazi way of life. You must not mix these people up with civilised Government chiefs elsewhere.

It is, for instance, highly unlikely that you have ever seen a picture of Ribbentrop in animated or friendly conversation with any Nazi leader except Hitler.

The old guard hate Ribbentrop, look on him as an outsider. They envy him because they regard him—curiously enough—as a "man of the world," which they know they are not themselves and will never be. Yet they express it in a different way, by which they mean to insult Ribbentrop and say that he is an "internationalist."

Here they are in the old days before Hitler grabbed power by political blackmail. When they strutted in their new feathers, Goebbels made frantic efforts to destroy all traces of this picture. Front row: Himmler, Frick (Minister of Interior), Hitler, General von Epp (Minister of Colonies), Goering. Second row: Roehm (murdered), Streicher (Jew-baiter), Goebbels, Heydenbrueck (dead).

A little more subtle than the rest is Goebbels, who, contrary to common belief, is the least likely to be dropped whatever he does.

Hitler rarely speaks to Goebbels, but he has a weakness for his wife, Magda, whom he likes to console after every new Goebbels escapade.

Consolation for Goebbels

Just now when Goebbels is known to enjoy himself in Paris in the arms of a beautiful French film star, Frau Goebbels is sure to be near Hitler.

Few of the other Nazi leaders whose names are known in politics have any intimate personal contact with Hitler. Whether Cabinet Minister, S.S. leader or diplomat, he treats them all alike. Friendly, even sugary when he needs them or when he tries to hypnotise them into a big exceptional effort—rude, uppish and contemptuous if they have failed or are of no use to him at the moment.

There are two exceptions to this rule: one is Schirach, former Nazi Youth Leader, and now Governor of Vienna, whom Hitler regards as a personal protégé, and Wiedemann, whom Ribbentrop has tried in vain to keep outside Germany, and whom Hitler really respects.

It is important to remember that all these men, whatever their relationship to one another, maintain a host of spies to watch one another.

Goering's men sit in the Gestapo and in the Foreign Office. Equally, Goebbels has his agents, probably even in Goering's personal household. Himmler's Gestapo is authorised to penetrate everything, but any time another Nazi leader may produce evidence against him.

It all somehow cancels itself out. There are scores of reasons why there could be murder every day. The same reasons, paradoxically, make a repetition of the Roehm purge of 1934 unlikely.

You would not think that much work could be done in such an atmosphere.

Well, the Nazis you always see and hear about are not doing the work. It is done by a few backroom boys like General Jodl, Hitler's personal military adviser, who will study the position and all reports addressed to Hitler and make his decision. Hitler himself only interferes when the photographers are present.

Similarly, Goering does not really run the *Luftwaffe*. The man who is responsible for Goering's *Luftwaffe* duties is General Bodenschatz, a diplomatic airman, a shrewd and ruthless man. Even Milch, the Under-Secretary in the Nazi Air Ministry, must take orders from Bodenschatz.

More important to Goering—and to the whole of Germany and occupied Europe—is Goering's economic adviser, his business manager whom he has installed as an Under-Secretary in the Nazi Ministry of Economics, and placed in charge of the Four-Year Plan.

His name is Koerner, and he is the man who robs Germany and the Continent and divides the spoils between the Nazi Exchequer and Goering's foreign bank account.

Where do the generals stand in this strange picture?

In the foreground you can see Keitel, Hitler's Yes-man, a colourless figurehead of no importance whatsoever. You will not hear so much of another, far more important man, General Halder, the Chief of the General Staff.

A Clever Man

It is difficult to pronounce judgment on Halder. He is a clever man, well worth watching. Like all German Chiefs of Staff, he is a Reichswehr politician, who can be counted on to play a clever game.

These German Chiefs of Staff are exceptional personalities. Two of Halder's predecessors, Fritsch and Schleicher, have met a violent death at the hands of the Nazis.

Brauchitsch, List and Reichenau—generals in the field to-day—are on good terms with the Nazi leaders, though separated from them by a difference in outlook on private life.

The other generals are just soldiers—obeying orders with only a vague idea that they may one day face responsibilities other than military. In that case, I am sure, they would take Halder's line whatever it is.

Hess is now missing from my picture. For more than twenty years he was attached to Hitler with a dog-like devotion, always prepared to stop a bullet aimed at Hitler with his own body. I just cannot believe that he has changed.

ROOSEVELT'S STRA

Is America coming right in? That's the question you hear more and more frequently as each day brings new evidence of that great nation's realisation that Hitlerism must be smashed. Roosevelt has never been in doubt about the part the U.S. must play. His moves are explained

By A. G. GARDINER

WHEN the first shot is fired from across the Atlantic the war will enter on its decisive phase. And every authoritative voice from America is agreed that that country is "on the brink of shooting."

President Roosevelt now knows that Hitler fears the U.S.A.

If the shooting has not already begun, it is largely because Hitler is so desperately anxious to keep America out of the actual firing line.

This was one of the two chief reasons for the attack on Russia. Hitler wanted a dazzling military victory which would restore his prestige at home, give him the war materials he urgently needs, and enable him to launch his "peace offensive" in an atmosphere of triumph.

But he wanted it also to impress America with the fact that he was saving the world from Bolshevism.

By doing that he believed that he could create such a cleavage in American opinion as would keep that country out of the ring.

Neither object has been achieved. Russia is proving a much harder nut to crack than Hitler expected it to be.

And the people of America have not been bamboozled by his "holy war."

On the contrary, this latest evidence of Hitler's perfidy has only intensified their hostility and convinced them that his destruction is imperative if the cause of freedom is to survive on the earth.

INDEED, SO MARKED IS THE MOMENTUM WHICH RECENT EVENTS HAVE GIVEN TO OPINION IN THE UNITED STATES THAT THERE IS NOW A WIDESPREAD FEELING THAT PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IS HOLDING THE NATION BACK.

It is agreed that from coast to coast the back of Isolationism is broken. A few of Hitler's stalwarts, like Lindbergh and Senator Wheeler, keep up the fight.

But they know the battle is lost, that the mind of America is made up and that it only awaits the President's word "Go."

THEIR attitude has been well expressed by one of the closest students of American opinion who says that isolationists' position now is this:

"As long as the President keeps on telling us that it may not be necessary to go into the war, we shall continue our resistance. When the President is ready to tell Congress that now war is necessary and if Congress agrees we will instantly cease all our opposition and will enlist 'for the duration.'"

Why, then, does the President hesitate to give the word? Certainly not because his mind is not made up.

From the beginning of this great business Roosevelt has never been in doubt about the immensity of the peril or the duty and interest of his country.

But he had to move with extreme caution. One false step would have upset his apple-cart.

At the beginning the opposition was so formidable that the disclosure of his hand would have split the country and wrecked him and his strategy.

THE KEYNOTE OF THAT STRATEGY IS THAT HE SHOULD NOT LEAD THE COUNTRY INTO WAR, BUT THAT PUBLIC OPINION SHOULD DRIVE HIM INTO WAR.

He knew that war must come, but also that it must come by the great argument of events and by the overwhelming will of the people.

Hence he moved from point to point with wary circumspection.

His object was to wear down the opposition.

He made no concealment of his own hatred of Nazism or of the danger to America. His speeches were devastating, and his direction was undeviating.

But his actions were never in advance of the weight of public opinion. Cash-and-carry, the exchange of destroyers for air bases, Lease-and-Lend, the occupation of Greenland, the occupation of Iceland—these steps marked his progress to the goal.

And all the time he was arming, arming, arming against the invader.

AND there were solid reasons why he should not force the pace and give his enemies a war-cry against him. The first was that his country was lamentably unprepared for war in the air and on land.

He must have time to get industry on a war basis—time to awaken the nation to its jeopardy, time to raise an army.

Such help as America could give the Allies could be given more effectively without a declaration of war than with. And it has been given in a volume that grows month by month, day by day.

Now that help is becoming a torrent and the power of America is no longer potential. It is realised power. Hitler's calculation that

---

Franco is Trying to Hide his Fear

● Though it is hinted that Hitler may march through Spain to attack Gibraltar, it does not alter the fact that Franco is bluffing

Says VICTOR SCHIFF

IS Franco looking for trouble?

If so, he may rest assured that he will get plenty of it.

He and his régime have just one little chance to survive the war—to keep very, very quiet indeed. The less the world hears from him in the next months, the better for him.

Frankly, whatever Franco does, or refrains from doing, nobody could guarantee that he will be forgotten.

★ ★ ★

Perhaps he is alive to that danger, because there is only one logical explanation for that extraordinary speech he delivered the other day, on the fifth anniversary of *his* military revolt against the Constitutional democratic Government of Spain: Trying to scare us because he himself is scared!

He wanted to persuade us, and the Americans, that the Allies had already lost the war, because he knows that exactly the contrary is true, and that the scale is turning against his protectors in Berlin and Rome.

To save his régime he would, if he could, openly throw in his lot with Hitler and Mussolini, who made him the Dictator of Spain. But he dare not.

He dared not last winter, when there were still perhaps some winning chances in such a gamble. He certainly dare not now, when it has evidently become too late.

The only chance for him and his régime to survive the war would be a negotiated peace. Hence his "warning" to the United States to keep out of a war which the Axis had "already won."

Like the Fuehrer and the Duce, the Caudillo wants Roosevelt to mediate before the Fascist Dictators collapse.

By the way, Franco summoned the entire diplomatic corps of Madrid to hear his speech. Was it mere tactlessness? No, it was deliberate bluff.

The British Ambassador, Sir Samuel Hoare, happened, by pure chance, to be absent, but his first assistant was there, and had to swallow that provocation, as did the American Ambassador, much to the enjoyment of the Axis diplomats.

★ ★ ★

Franco must know that we are well aware of the weakness of his position.

When he launched his military revolt, he had not more than one-third of the nation on his side. He won it after 32 months, thanks only to his German and Italian tanks, 'planes and "volunteers," and to his Moroccan mercenaries.

He must still keep nearly 1,000,000 men and women behind prison bars and barbed wire of concentration camps.

His civil war has left the country ruined, scarred, bleeding and starving. He has no petrol, no cotton, not enough food even for essential peace time needs. If ever a man was *not* in a position to wage war, it is General Franco—and nobody knows it better than himself.

That is why all through the winter, when such a move would have embarrassed us, he besought Hitler not to march through Spain against Gibraltar.

It was not love of us that made him take that attitude. He was afraid of the result *inside* Spain.

Britain had to go slow then.

★ ★ ★

Now, at last, partly thanks to Hitler's capital blunder in the East, times have changed.

We have no longer to "go slow" anywhere. Without becoming reckless or provocative, we need no longer sham blindness towards threats and deafness towards insults.

The turning tide threatens to engulf not only Hitler and his allies, but also his creatures.

In the darkest weeks of the past winter Hitler tried to scare us, not only with words but with bombs.

His bluff was called.

Does Franco really believe that he will succeed where Hitler failed?

Not *he*, and not *now*!

TEGY

e would win the war before America could rm or dare to fight is "gone with the wind."

America is "on the brink of shooting," nd Hitler's one concern is to give her no xcuse to shoot. She is no longer afraid of im. He is afraid of her.

And well he may be, for I repeat that the irst shot that is fired from across the Atlantic will sound his knell. That shot will not be long delayed.

There is another and more far-sighted reason, I think, why Roosevelt has left public opinion to force his hand. His strategy takes account not only of the war, but of the peace.

HE DOES NOT MEAN THAT THE TRAGEDY OF PRESIDENT WILSON SHALL BE REPEATED. HE DOES NOT MEAN THAT, HAVING WON THE WAR, WE SHOULD LOSE THE PEACE.

LET us be candid with each other. I said in these columns a year ago that this war was ordained by the Senate of the United States. We lost the peace in 1919 because, having helped us to win the war, America returned to isolation and washed her hands of the peace.

From that sowing of the dragon's teeth has sprung the armed men who are wrecking Europe and the world to-day.

That terrible Nemesis is due to the fact that President Wilson failed to carry his country with him to the end.

Heaven forbid that I should speak in disparagement of that great man. I had the privilege of his personal friendship and revere his memory.

But some of the fault was his. He was autocratic and unyielding, and he made enemies of those whom he should have used. And they took their revenge. We—and America—are reaping the harvest of that revenge to-day.

And President Roosevelt is determined that a similar calamity shall not follow victory in this war.

This is not to be *his* war. It is to be the People's war. It is to be fought by a united nation, convinced after long argument that there is no alternative if it is to save its heritage of freedom.

And from this war there is to be no flight on the morrow of victory. America must see this great matter through to the end.

IT MUST NOT ONLY HELP TO DRIVE THE BEAST BACK INTO THE ABYSS. IT MUST HELP TO BUILD A WORLD OVER THE ABYSS FROM WHICH THE BEAST WILL NEVER EMERGE AGAIN.

That, I think, is the key to Roosevelt's strategy. He has led the most powerful nation in the world to the brink of decision—its own decision.

Now it awaits his word to touch the trigger. And his latest warning that America is in "far more grave" danger that it was a year ago leaves no doubt that the word is on his lips.

Baiting the Bullies

YOU marvel at Soviet propaganda against the Nazis *now*. . . .

But one of Stalin's shrewdest thrusts at the Nazis was delivered long before fighting began—and through a shampoo powder!

The radio weapon came later.

This out-Goebbeling of Goebbels, a lesson to our own Ministry of Information, began on February 27, 1933.

That day Hermann Goering set fire to the Reichstag and began rounding up enemies of the Nazi Party.

The prey included Liberals, Pacifists, Radicals, Democrats, Social-Democrats, Communists, Trade Union officials and newspaper editors. Within a few hours of the fire 15,000 were arrested; many more later.

Opposition Impossible

Dr. Joseph Goebbels set out to make opposition to Nazism impossible by forbidding the printing of a single scrap of paper without his permission.

It didn't take the Communists a week to prove to him that they were not beaten so easily.

Within a week, despite headsmen busy with their axes and concentration-camp bullies with their instruments of torture, supporters of Stalin were working from their hide-outs.

Nazi leaders hate the Truth more than anything else—and leaflets giving the Truth were soon circulating in Germany.

First specimens were crudely mimeographed. Then came well-printed versions. Later there followed lavishly illustrated booklets printed outside Germany and smuggled over the frontier at the risk of men's lives.

Extraordinary precautions had to be taken.

The biggest danger came from spies and informers. But it was also necessary to guard against honest men breaking under the Nazi torture and speaking out in a delirium of pain.

So the men who wrote the pamphlets could never know the men who printed them, and the printers never found out who was distributing them.

Do's and Don't's

Distributors ran the biggest risks.

Here are quotations from the "Do's and Don't's" in which they were instructed to keep the mortality rate as low as possible!

Where possible hide leaflets between the pages of newspapers awaiting delivery.

Use envelopes bearing the imprints of well-known firms.

Don't let your visits coincide with those of the baker, the milkman.

Put leaflets between each two pages of a magazine, and forget the book on a 'bus, in the post office, anywhere.

The Nazis raved. Himmler pounced again and yet again. The axe descended. But the Voice of Truth could not be silenced.

Toy balloons rose. Fuses released bundles. Bundles burst into thousands of single copies of anti-Hitler propaganda.

Timid Germans found them, stuffed them in their pockets—took them home to read in privacy, and wonder!

A young Communist raced through a Berlin suburb on a high-powered motor-cycle with a number-plate covered in mud, scattering leaflets as he rode. He was never traced.

Morning broke over Hamburg to reveal a huge streamer inscribed "Down with Hitler" waving from a high public building.

The men who had affixed it had mounted a steep iron ladder for the last stage of their climb.

For two hours a huge crowd watched the efforts of the police to remove it—for the men responsible had smeared each rung with soap as they descended!

Thousands of leaflets were stacked on the roof of a great store so that the slip-stream of the first aeroplane to leave Tempelhof aerodrome that day would blow them over the city.

The Gestapo searched for them all day—but many thousands had been pushed into pockets and carried away.

The *Voelkischer Beobachter* screamed out that Marxist leaflets had been dropped over the city by a foreign aeroplane—but not all Berliners were deceived.

As the scale of the propaganda attacks increased, so did the problems—and the risks.

Money was sent from Moscow, but money was not enough. Paper could only be bought in tiny quantities. Every machine that could print or mimeograph was under constant scrutiny—or so Himmler thought.

Anyhow, leaflets went out showing how to make cheap copying presses at home.

At first Prague became a big printing centre. Literature was smuggled across the mountains. Then, as Czecho-Slovakia fell, the presses turned in Britain, France, America, Holland, Belgium, Scandinavia.

A Growing Flood

Frontier guards seized 90,000 different examples of anti-Hitler propaganda in one year—but still the flood grew.

Two necessities were that printed matter had to be small, and it had to be camouflaged.

Fortunately, Germany had always specialised in printing tiny booklets on a wide variety of topics.

A brochure on gliding circulated. Careful scrutiny was needed to discover a concealed attack on the Hitler Youth Movement—with praise for the more enlightened treatment of young people in the U.S.S.R.

What at first glance appeared to be a booklet on "The Building of the Third Reich" was a description of the strength and solidarity of the Red Army, with a preface by Stalin, and an appeal to all Germans to found a common front against Hitler.

There was satire in a much-boosted booklet with Goering's profile on the cover—but which, after a few harmless pages, suddenly brought out the truth about the Reichstag fire and Hermann's complicity in it.

The trick behind this Shampoo packet had a good run before it was discovered

Not so Innocent!

"Come to Beautiful Nuremberg," urged a highly coloured folder.

It masqueraded as a Nazi pamphlet to glorify their party congress.

Actually it contained speeches by Ellen Wilkinson and Rudolf Breitscheid (exiled leader of the Social Democrat Party, who, after escaping to France, has since been handed over to the Nazis by perfidious Vichy).

A Nazi official publication was cheekily copied. "Our Cultural Mission Abroad" turned out to be the story of the bombing of women and children in Spain by German airmen.

It was a heart-rending picture.

The cold, ruthless irony of it made Nazi leaders writhe. We have yet to discover what effects it must have had on Germans who had absorbed the eye-wash that the Nazi mission abroad was a civilising one.

Sometimes the pamphlets didn't appear to be pamphlets at all.

Dozens of miniature photostatic copies of anti-Nazi speeches were smuggled into the country as packets of English tea.

A packet of shampoo powders that actually found its way into shops described the anti-Jewish pogrom of November, 1938, with world reactions.

Envelopes containing a hundred foreign stamps, the sort of packets popular among small collectors, masked an appeal for concerted action against Hitler by repressed political workers.

Virulent Attack

A brochure advertising a trade fair at Dusseldorf concealed the most virulent attack on the Fuehrer and the Rome-Berlin-Tokio Axis ever distributed in Germany.

And a folder extolling the Black Forest had to be unfolded twice before you read the high-powered attack of Heinrich Mann, brother of Thomas Mann, winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature.

Not until Germany and Russia appeared to become friends did the attacks diminish.

But it has proved nothing more than a lull. The movement is far from dead.

This is the day for which it worked. It will not be silent now.

The printing presses have started up again. Neutral Sweden has become a main centre of production. German soldiers are actually helping in distribution—men who want to fight, but not for Hitler!

Hitler, who forged the Fifth Column as a weapon, looks in vain for the one that is destroying the Nazi vitals.

One day it will help to administer a lethal stroke. And that day may be nearer than we all imagine.

One single letter will inaugurate that great day. The letter V—for Victory.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' PAGE

PUNISH CAMP WASTERS

THE Army Council has done the right thing in sending a sternly worded Order to all Officers Commanding about food waste in military camps and other Service depots. But the Order is not enough; drastic steps must be taken to ensure that its terms are rigidly carried out.

In previous articles I have shown by proved instances how millions of pounds worth of food have been thrown away, mostly by carelessness, but often with deliberate intent. And such appalling waste is still going on to-day.

Indignant Soldier

Readers continually write indignant letters about their own knowledge of this scandal. Here is one I have just received:

"On Sunday at the above address four of us sat down to a dinner containing about half a pound of meat.

"After tea, a friend—a soldier stationed in the district—called on us. The conversation naturally turned to rationing, and when we told him the size of our meal, he went off the deep end and added:

"'**Why, to-day we had more meat than we could eat; and when we'd finished, what was over, enough to feed fifty persons, was thrown into the swill-tub.'**

"You can imagine what I thought when I knew I was doing war work on a meagre meat ration, while good food is thrown away to the pigs.

"I've heard rumours locally of waste going on at this centre, but here was a friend with concrete evidence!"

Amazing facts came out recently at a small police court in the West Country. They showed that a disgraceful state of affairs has for a long time existed at a military camp near by.

Several people were fined for receiving from soldiers food which had been stolen.

One, the wife of a publican, with three specific charges against her relating to beef and mutton, admitted that a soldier told her there was a quantity of waste meat at the depot which would be destroyed unless it was disposed of.

Her defence was that she thought she was helping the soldier by buying the food as he was "hard up."

Another woman, also a publican's wife, who had received supplies of cheese from another soldier from the same depot, made a similar excuse.

That unwanted supplies of cooking fats have been available at this military centre for many months is clear from the fact that, until August last, dripping could be obtained by members of the public at the depot gates. In August the custom ceased.

Illegally Sold

A fish frier, who had bought several lots previously in a legitimate manner, asked a soldier in his shop if he could get him some fat to help out the rationed oil for frying, and said the soldier told him it would be "all right." Thus dripping from the depot, stolen, of course, was illegally sold to him.

A lorry driver admitted that he had received a box of margarine from a soldier at the depot.

Soldiers who had to go into the witness-box to give evidence said that they met a man at a local inn who asked them if they could get anything to help him out with his food ration. They made arrangements with him to "dump the articles in a certain place."

The man concerned admitted that he had received 1 cwt. of sugar and 36 lb. of corned beef, but denied he had obtained two other lots of sugar and 80 lb. of cheese.

The soldier thieves, I am glad to know, are now undergoing sentences imposed upon them by the military authoritics.

Only One Instance

If systematic robbery of Army stores can go on in this manner, and such admissions of the existence of "a quantity of waste meat" at this one depot are made, what evidence of food wastage could be obtained at many other military centres if proper inquiries were made!

I would be the last to grudge men in the Services every ounce of food they need, but waste—and deliberate theft and disposal of Army food to private law-breakers—no conscientious man or woman can tolerate.

From another district in the West Country comes a complaint about cooks who do not know their jobs, and who hack the carcases in a way which produces unnecessary waste quite apart from that which is dumped into swills because it is either uneatable through bad cooking or unwanted.

A member of my staff personally knows a soldier who has been in the meat and bacon business ever since he left school. He says his blood boils with rage to see inexperienced or careless Army kitchen hands messing good food up in preparation and cooking, and then flinging huge quantities away.

Mr. Duncan Sandys, who has just gone to the War Office as Financial Secretary, has the reputation of being a ruthless prober. He should tackle camp waste at once

Flung to the Fishes

In many cases conditions are as bad on troopships. Officers on some get a daily choice of two soups, fish, choice of two hot meats, two or three vegetables, sweets cheese, dessert and coffee.

Well, that's good enough for anyone in war time! But what of the large amount of good food constantly flung over the rails?

One critic says that he knows of a case where enough raw meat to make meals for scores of families, with pounds of various kinds of vegetables and dried fruits, are constantly being pushed overboard to feed the fishes.

Nearly 40 rolls of bread were seen floating alongside one day in a batch.

Housewives who have to work wonders to get meagre supplies of food must be sick when they read things like this.

Sneaking the Public's Money

PUBLIC money set aside for evacuees and raid victims is going into the pockets of impostors.

By a variety of tricks, billeting allowances are being drawn by people who have found good jobs and by others who are well able to pay for accommodation.

★ ★ ★

The clerk of one local authority was shrewd enough to get a list of all women working at local factories.

One of his first finds was that a woman evacuee earning good money was coming along, just the same, for her billeting grant.

"Are you working?" he asked.

"No," she said coolly.

When shown the list with her name on it, she admitted she was lying.

The clerk ordered her to refund all the allowances she had received during the past six months.

This case, quoted at a recent council meeting, was followed by many similar eye-openers.

It was revealed, too, that many people arriving from raided areas hadn't been bombed out at all.

They were just intent on getting a cheap holiday in the country!

As one councillor declared, the whole system of billeting allowances is becoming a ramp.

"We are told that inquiries are not necessary in certain cases," said the council's clerk to one of my investigators, "but I intend to make inquiries wherever possible."

That is the attitude I should like all officials to adopt. A lot of public money would be saved if they did.

★ ★ ★

You see, the trouble is by no means confined to one or two districts. It is becoming general.

Another local authority has told my investigator of a man and woman who had started a business and were doing a fine trade.

But they were still drawing State allowances for their children who were in billets.

A Petersham woman has been jailed for a month because she continued to draw 20s. a week after her evacuees had left.

In all, she pocketed £27 10s. by fraud before she was caught.

Why, I wonder, did it take officialdom twenty weeks to discover her trick?

At Hull, two women have gone to prison for three months for drawing an allowance in another person's name.

Now the Ministry of Health is making a postal survey of 130 reception areas.

Not only to obtain information about accommodation for future emergencies, but also to check-up on people who are falsely drawing billeting allowances.

That, however, cannot be a preventive measure. It cannot prevent the ramp from increasing.

★ ★ ★

JOHN BULL has consistently urged that there should be no delay in giving assistance to people who leave badly raided areas for the country.

But it is no less necessary that there should be no delay in making sure that, when an allowance is granted, it is not being abused.

That is the task of local authorities. I hope they will all do their utmost to guard the public purse against mean and petty "billeting crooks."

Disabled War Workers Victimised

SO that everyone may have some idea of the type of poor fellow who is usually victimised in what is one of the most persistent ramps to-day I quote from a typical letter:

"A skilled engineer by trade, I have been off work twelve months with arthritis—and 7s. 6d. a week disablement pay and 1s 6d. Trade Union for man and wife is not enough.

"So I answered an advertisement for clerical work addressing envelopes which I could manage at home. (This ran: 'Envelope addressers wanted; enclose envelope. Manager, 62, Belleville Road, London, S.W.11.')

"I sent 5s. for the 'plan' and received the literature. The reason I write you is to expose such schemes; hoping you will denounce it and give a warning to any other poor devil who wants to keep his head above water."

With characteristic impudence, the promoter heads the circular sent out for 5s. "Postal Publicity Plan (War Time Edition)." It merely contains a lot of balderdash, and is really just the old homework snare dressed with a superfluous "War Time" lining.

Obviously part of an elaborate scheme, the advertisements appear in small local papers all over the country and are bringing me so many inquiries that I give special publicity to the fact that Leslie Archibald Spikesman, who some time ago achieved notoriety as "The Home Work King," is really the "Manager" at the Belleville Road headquarters.

At that address a staff assists him to send out his gushing printed matter.

Many advertisement managers have taken steps to keep his advertisements out of their papers.

TWO TRICKS

DON'T answer, without careful inquiry, advertisements asking for cheap typewriters for members of the Home Guard. By misusing the name of this corps, ordinary dealers are buying up typewriters in this way at bargain prices and selling them at a good profit. It's quite a cute "business."

★ ★ ★

Large sums of money have been obtained by crooks through the issue of spurious totalisator tickets and vouchers for supposed war charity functions. One gang was recently broken up in the Manchester area, but members are now working in London, where inquiries are already being made by the authorities. Totalisator tickets in particular have been so cleverly faked that sums of from £20 to £60 have been paid out on tracks without any suspicions being aroused.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

MR. G. F. WILKINSON, Wienecote Grove, Perry Barr, Birmingham, has been awarded £1 1s. this week for information concerning a ramp on householders.

Readers are invited to send letters on subjects calling for investigation and exposure. Mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."

Voice of the People

★ *This is your feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published. The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

I HAVE almost worn myself out on war work, so much importance do I attach to beating Hitler.

Also I devote every evening I can to Home Guard duties—going out in all weathers, ready to face any danger.

Yet, proving all this at a Y.M.C.A. buffet when compelled to spend hours one night at a North Country railway station, I was refused the sustenance I craved—told bluntly: "We don't serve civilians."

This organisation preaches the Brotherhood of Man.—W. E. W., Whitchurch, Cardiff.

We have received many such complaints. A.F.S. men, whose courage needs no tribute from us, have been similarly treated.

Garden of Loveliness

May this war give us something different from the unsightly lumps of granite which serve as war memorials to the last.

All committees that have to consider this subject should visit Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire, where they will find a lovely rock garden with velvety lawns and masses of flowers—an oasis of peace for solitude, meditation or quiet reading.

Where better could we remember the men of Sutton Coldfield who died?—Frank Gerrard, Amberley Grove, Witton, Birmingham.

Children Unwanted

Citizens' Advice Bureaux here are finding "digs" for hundreds of evacuees—but, with very few exceptions, they can't find accommodation where children are welcome.

This although children (with those looking after them) have more right to evacuate from the danger zones than anyone.

One sees the tragic figures of women who have been bombed out, and whose husbands are probably serving in the Forces, dragging round day after day in a vain quest for a temporary home for their youngsters.

Tell Billeting Officers that, as in all times of danger, children come first. And see that they have the powers to put children first, whether the householders concerned like it or lump it.—Louis Edwin, 108a, Victoria Road, Darlington, County Durham.

Nuisance Names

Parents, be sensible and ration Christian names at one each child.

My parents gave me three. They could never have imagined how much time-wasting labour they were saddling me with.

Apart from legal and official documents, I have had to sign my FULL name on countless papers affecting me in a Service and civilian capacity throughout two world wars—and each ration book, with its spaces too small to hold my full name, comes as a new nightmare.—Charles Albert Francis Austen, School House, Helliden, Daventry, Northants.

No Channel Tunnel

Are the Germans tunnelling from France to invade Britain? Unable to subdue us in the air or on the sea, are they stealthily approaching under the sea?

Is this the real reason for the postponement of their promised invasion?

There have been recent reports of enemy activity in the shape of construction work along the French coast. This might be accounted for by the disposal of excavated material. — Gunn Gwennet, Queen's Road, Richmond, Surrey.

Our airmen know every blade of grass of the comparatively small area in which the Germans could start a tunnel—and there are no excavations.

Don't Buy

As an assistant in a large provincial store I am appalled at the reckless and unpatriotic spending that still goes on.

In the last three weeks we have sold hundreds and hundreds of aluminium articles, many of them luxury articles that are not really needed.

Wood is a precious war time commodity—yet we sell garden furniture that increases in novelty and absurdness every week. One example is a basket on wheels for picking up autumnal leaves.—S. I. A., Bolton, Lancs.

For Householders Only

Having no relatives, I have lived six years in a famous London hostel for working men. I needed the company. The place is spotlessly clean, the food good, and many of the regular residents of first-class type.

Last week I was invited to have a lengthy stay with friends, asked the G.P.O. to forward my correspondence.

Came the snob answer: "The Post Office does not redirect letters for people living in common lodging-houses."—S. E. R., Gloucester Crescent, Regent's Park, London, N.W.1.

They're Particular

"Five-shilling postal order, please," I said.

"Postal orders next door," said the counter clerk.

"Five-shilling postal order, please," I said next door, and, accepting it: "I want a stamp as well."

"Stamps next door," said the clerk, "unless you want them for affixing to the order."

And, as I wanted them for putting on an envelope, next door I had to go again.

This at Hertford GENERAL POST OFFICE, if you please, and Hertford is capital of a county.—G. M., Puckeridge, Herts.

Reward !

Blind ex-Serviceman of the last war has 16s. 3d. weekly deducted from his pension to buy odds and ends for his three evacuated children.

Life is a dickens of a struggle for him and his wife on the little over £2 left.

Surely the country can look after the bairns of a man who has sacrificed his precious eyesight on her behalf!—Mrs. Gertrude A. Rogers, Patcham, Brighton, 6.

Beefwit Officialdom

"Boil milk," says the Ministry of Health.

"Deliver milk before 7.30 a.m. and we'll summon you," says our local Food Committee to retailers.

Result: Deliveries are so near to school time that most local schoolchildren either have to drink the milk unboiled, or, if it is boiled, have to go to school without any.

To rewrite a famous patriotic song: "Lumps of Oak are Our Heads!"—H. N. M., New Milton, Hants.

SWAFFER LIFTS THE LID

WHY ALL THIS TALK OF TANKS?

● Tanks are the most deciding factor in modern land warfare. They are the spearhead fronts of modern armies. France, Belgium, Holland, Greece, all fell before the sudden tank onslaught.

The tank is the only answer to the tank.

Germany had tanks by the thousand. So had Russia.

Thousands have been destroyed. We should endeavour to replace every tank that Russia has lost with a new one on the British front.

The economy in casualties—the economy in flesh and blood—is out of all proportion to the number of tanks flung into the battle. The more tanks you employ, the greater the saving in life in your Army.

In every village and town in the country there are fathers and mothers with sons in the Army.

If they think this over, each family will realise that the life of its son might be saved if everyone, public, officials and workers, unites in determination that more and ever more tanks are added to the fighting equipment of the British Army.

Tanks break up enemy defence by deep penetration, and cause destruction in the rear of the opposing army.

The trained men are here. It is our business to see that they are given the tanks.

WILL IT TAKE LONG TO SETTLE PEACE?

● H. B. Lees-Smith, who is the so-called leader of the Opposition, although that was nicely arranged, has told a Labour conference that it may take "three, four, or five years" to conclude the peace-making after the fighting ends.

It is not so frightening as it sounds.

In 1919, the Peace Conference lasted for only twelve months, and one of the troubles then was that frontiers had to be marked out hurriedly, with the idea that they were subject to alteration, if the League of Nations were appealed to.

This time a much more careful arrangement will have to be made.

Lees-Smith obviously meant that it is the final plan which will take so long.

Already there are hopeful signs of an amicable settlement—the treaty made, for instance, between the Czechs and the Poles, who seized part of Czecho-Slovakia in its hour of crisis, and the talks between Poland and Russia for the restoration of the territories Stalin grabbed after Hitler's invasion.

Then there is high promise of a Balkan entente, one that, but for Bulgaria, would have saved South-Eastern Europe.

In international agreement there can be no finality.

WHY ARE NEWSREELS SO DULL?

● The fault lies at the door of the Ministry of Information, the stupidity of which encouraged the B.B.C. propaganda to be so bad, which consistently prevented neutral journalists from getting at the facts, and which, failing to profit by Germany's lesson, allowed newsreel photographers to photograph only dullness at home.

Cinema photographers entered Poland with the German troops, and were allowed on all the fronts. The Goebbels newsreels are alive, vivid and dramatic.

In this country Brass-Hatdom still stands in the way of good propaganda.

Even the most monarchistic of cinema fans get a bit tired of seeing the Princess Royal and the Duchess of Kent inspecting nurses.

WHY HAGGLE OVER FARM WAGES?

● It is scandalous that, even at a time when the nation is in a death-grip struggle over food, the Central Agricultural Wages Board has met four times since the middle of May to discuss farm workers' claims for a minimum wage of £3 weekly!

Yet settlement seems as remote as ever.

Always in our history the agricultural worker has been shockingly treated. His wages in some counties were quite recently as low as 28s. a week.

Year after year he drifted, for better pay, into overcrowded towns.

In these hours of crisis adequate pay for him as well as for seamen and miners should be the first charge on the community.

A system which only a few years ago allowed the payment in five of the basic industries of the land to remain under 45s. a week must be ended.

Yet wage boards still haggle.

SHOULD BAD CITIZENS BE PUNISHED?

● No fewer than 10,000,000 people have ignored the Government's instructions about re-registering for rations, this although appeals have been broadcast and advertised in every newspaper for weeks.

Yet you cannot punish 10,000,000 people.

The truth is that the public have been given too many instructions. In the maze of them, and amid the confusion of all the Government circulars and forms sent out, people get bored and careless.

Winston himself should stop it by including in all his broadcast speeches four or five definite warnings. If the need for these being rigidly obeyed was tersely and dramatically stated, people would pay attention.

CAN RUSSIA HOLD OUT?

● It is almost incredible, now, to realise that even the poshest of Brass-Hats said, when Hitler invaded Russia, "Oh, the Russians will crumple up in a week."

The most optimistic of them said: "Hitler will win in six weeks, at the most."

Even now, the Russians are perfectly confident.

"We shall hold Moscow," they said ten days ago. "We do not consider Leningrad in serious danger." But, even if we have to retreat, we shall go on burning—everything."

Already, for nearly six weeks, the Russians have defied Panzer divisions, carrying on the war behind them, to Hitler's amazement.

It won't be so long before snow will descend over the whole of the invaded territories.

If the Soviet armies can hold out till then—well, Napoleon once had to face a Russian winter.

"JOHN BULL'S" 10-MINUTE STORY

By WILL SCOTT

"And now," said the young brother, "if you'll describe your six possibles to me in detail, I'll disguise these Robinsons for you"

Find The Woman

IGNORANCE was by no means bliss at the "Wheatsheaf." All they knew about Robinson was that his name was Robinson and that he worked at the war factory in the valley. And that was not enough. They liked to know their people at the "Wheatsheaf."

"Working at a war factory is no passport," was how they summed it up. "He might be a spy for all we know. Where does he come from? What was he before he was in the war factory? He just won't say a word about himself and you can't draw him. There's some mystery about Robinson."

Which worried them very much at the "Wheatsheaf," and about all they'd talk of when Robinson wasn't there was Robinson. When he was there they used to put out feelers and drop gentle hints. But nothing ever came of that.

Robinson would talk plenty, but not about anything they wanted to know. He appeared as a mystery and he remained as a mystery.

And the "Wheatsheaf" did not like it.

Then one day the Warren was taken and the new tenant, by name Gadsby, became one of the regulars—and a popular regular, too—at the "Wheatsheaf." Why, he hadn't been there a couple of nights before they knew everything about *him*.

And one night he turned up just as Robinson was going. In fact the same opening of the door did for both.

"Good night," said Robinson, and went; and Gadsby stood staring at the closing door.

"I know that man's voice," he said presently.

Which brought the "Wheatsheaf" all round him.

"Who is he, sir?" "Where'd you meet him?" "Tell us all about him?"

But Gadsby couldn't.

"I can't place him at all," he said. "I know his voice, but that's all. Where I've met him, and when, is more than I could say."

The "Wheatsheaf" went into details: Robinson's war work, and the chance that he might be a spy—and they begged Gadsby not to let Robinson know they had met somewhere before until he, Gadsby, could remember where, and how.

"If he knew he'd been recognised, you see, sir, he'd most likely bolt. A very suspicious character in our opinion, sir."

ON the next night Gadsby and Robinson were together in the inn for half an hour or so, and Gadsby, without giving any game away, spent most of the time in studying the other—with very little profitable result.

"All I feel certain of," he said when Robinson had gone, "is that in some way he is—or was—connected with Eden Bay. I was there for a month two summers before the war, and for some reason that man's voice brings that holiday back to me. But in what way—no. The odd thing is that his face is the face of a stranger."

"Disguised, maybe?" suggested the Chief Talker of the Wheatsheafers.

"But he's cleanshaven."

"I mean, sir—disguised *then!*"

"Ah!"

The mere suggestion of a possible disguise made of the secretive Robinson a more sinister figure than ever. A seaside town before the war—naval secrets—invasion plans—spies! Here were possibilities, and the "Wheatsheaf" licked its lips.

"But I knew very few people there," Gadsby protested. "You'd think . . ."

"Draw up a list, sir," said the Chief Talker, determined to get to the bottom of the mystery.

"A list?"

"All the men you knew or met at Eden Bay. That ought to be pretty easy if you didn't know many."

"I can do that." Gadsby agreed, producing a piece of paper and a pencil. "I don't know that it'll be any use. Now where are we? I'll put down our landlady's husband first, since he was the first we knew.

"Not that he could be Robinson—different shape *and* different voice. Still, I'll leave nobody out. And I'll work outwards from the boarding-house, since we started there. The waiter. The man who did the odd jobs. . . ."

Although he had known very few people in Eden Bay, Gadsby soon found himself drawing up a pretty presentable list.

"The greengrocer where we bought fruit every day. The man in the straw hat at the rock shop. Two or three men at the circus where my daughter made me go four or five times when we were there.

"But the clown was short, the man who looked after the elephants had a gammy foot, and the chap who did the shouting at the entrance—a most amusing man—weighed twice as much as Robinson. And they all had *rusty* voices. Still, I'll leave nobody out."

He bit the end of his pencil and thought.

"Ah! The man at the pumps where I used to fill up each morning. And the concert party on the sands. I didn't actually meet any of them, though I heard their voices every day. Not that their voice resembled . . . but I'll put them down."

THERE was the Life and Soul of their boarding-house, as there was at every boarding-house in those days. There was the barman at the Crown Hotel. And the man who sold papers near the bandstand. There was the skipper of the speed-boat. There was the religious man who addressed sermons to nobody on the Prom on Sunday mornings.

At last the list was complete, and Gadsby went through it carefully, crossing out the Absolutely Impossibles. He was left with six names.

"They might have been Robinson, disguised, I suppose. And, of course, there may be others I've forgotten. I'm afraid it doesn't help"

"I tell you what!" exclaimed the Chief Talker. "I've got an idea!"

And he spread his arms and gathered the others round him and lowered his voice to make it more mysterious. "If we could play about with his face, putting eyebrows on and moustaches and what not, to see what he looked like *different* . . ."

"Which we can't."

"NO, but here's the idea. My young brother's home on leave Saturday, and he can draw *anybody*, just like 'em, in a few lines in half a tick. Used to be in London—an artist on a paper.

"Well, I'll get him to come in here and have a good look at Robinson and turn us out half a dozen little sketches. Then we can start fitting things on to them!"

It was a capital idea, voted so by all; and since there was now nothing to do but wait until Saturday brought the Chief Talker's young brother home on leave they spent the rest of the evening drinking more than was good for them and went home singing.

Saturday evening filled the "Wheatsheaf," as Saturday evening always did, but this time it was more full than usual to the extent of the newcomers, Robinson and Gadsby, and the Chief Talker's young brother home on leave.

The young brother did not say much. He'd had his instructions, and he sat in a corner studying Robinson from the right and the left as well as from the front.

In fact, nobody said very much, and to those who did not know it might have seemed that things were dragging.

Robinson, anyway, yarned a lot and went home earlier than usual. Which suited the rest.

"Now!" said the Chief Talker, rubbing his hands.

The young brother got to work. He placed a sketching-block on the counter and his pencil began to fly. Before very long a dozen or so of lifelike Robinsons in pencil were lined up at the side of the bar.

"Remarkable!" exclaimed Gadsby. "The very man himself."

"And now," said the young brother, "if you'll describe your six possibles to me in detail I'll disguise these Robinsons for you."

Gadsby began with the religious man. "Glasses . . and side-whiskers . . . and raised eyebrows . . . and a pursed-up mouth . . ."

It was done, but after a long scrutiny Gadsby shook his head.

"It's like Robinson disguised as the religious man, but it isn't the religious man. We'll try the second suspect."

They did. And the third. They tried the whole half dozen.

But still Gadsby shook his head.

"No . . . It can't have been. He wasn't one of the half dozen. And I know he wasn't one of the rest. So that I can't have met him in Eden Bay. It's a puzzle."

"Just a minute," said the Chief Talker, turning to his young brother. "You've got plenty left over. Try a few spare faces. Give him a heavy moustache."

Young brother gave him a heavy moustache.

"No," said Gadsby.

"Give him twinkly eyes and bushy eyebrows."

Young brother gave him twinkly eyes and bushy eyebrows.

BUT again Gadsby shook his head.

"No. That means nothing to me."

"Shove a nice set of whiskers on him."

Young brother shoved a nice set of whiskers on him.

"No . ." said Gadsby doubtfully. And looked again.

"Got something?" the Chief Talker asked anxiously.

"I wonder," said Gadsby. "Look here—rub out that heavy moustache and those bushy eyebrows."

Which young brother did.

"Open his eyes."

Which young brother did.

"Now make his beard longer."

Which young brother did.

"Longer still!"

And at last Gadsby snapped his fingers.

"Got it! It was the circus after all!"

"The circus? What——"

"No wonder," said Gadsby, "he doesn't want you chaps prying into his past. I've traced him all right. *He was the bearded lady!*"

★ IF YOU KNOW OF AN INJUSTICE ANYWHERE . . .
★ FEEL THAT SOMEBODY IS BEING PENALISED . . .
★ FEEL THAT YOU ARE NOT GETTING YOUR DUE . . .

Write to 'John Bull' about It!

HUMANIST warns parents of the dangers of trying to keep boys and girls in "separate compartments." At the best, he says, it only leads to shyness; at the worst it leads children to practise deception.

Boy-and-Girl Friendships

FIRST problem this week is one which must have confronted a great many intelligent parents. It comes from a mother who asks for a candid opinion and advice.

My daughter is exceptionally attractive in appearance (*she writes*), and has a lively personality which seems to appeal to most of the boys she meets.

I have never tried to stop these friendships, as I think that, having no brothers of her own, they will help her to make comparisons when she is older.

I have answered all her questions about sex matters, and she discusses quite freely any conversation she may have with other girls.

What is worrying me now is the attitude of our relatives and neighbours because I allow these friendships. They say it is awful the way she stands about talking to boys.

I know these boy-and-girl affairs are innocent enough. Otherwise she would not talk so freely about them to me.

She says she is glad that I am not like the mothers of some of her friends. They (the girl-friends) have to go to a park at the other end of the town to meet their boys!

I can't very well repeat this information to the girls' mothers, yet I have to listen to their remarks about the shocking behaviour of my own daughter and my apparent unconcern about it.

I don't like her being talked about so much, but what can I do? I should be glad to know what you think about it.

It is clear that there are three courses of action. She can make these friendships impossible by stern suppression; she can forbid them, so that the girl does what the other girls do—practises deception and meets boys in secret; or she can allow her daughter to behave as before.

I hate the idea of the first, because it would destroy the girl's happy relations with her mother and make her into a little nonentity.

I hate the second idea of forcing the girl to become a young hypocrite who would cease to be frank with her mother.

What is wrong with the third? Nothing, really, except that the neighbours and relatives criticise.

Is the mother to change her whole policy to please a number of outsiders? And is she—solely to please them—to make her daughter a little liar and schemer?

That is the worst of well-meaning interference. The people do not understand and they do far more harm than they can possibly imagine.

I advise the mother to continue her own policy and ignore the critics.

ANOTHER letter comes from the father of a boy of eighteen.

He is a good lad in many ways (*he says*), but he has suddenly become conscious of the attractiveness of girls and spends all his spare time in their company.

I don't know what you think about boy-and-girl friendships, Humanist, but in my opinion he ought to wait till he is older.

He does not take his work half so seriously as he did a year ago. He spends all his pocket-money and is always short. He seems to think of nothing but films, dances, and his girl friends.

It would not be so bad if he restricted his attentions to one, but he seems to be interested in half a dozen at once. I have had him on the carpet about it, but he smiles and says I'm old-fashioned.

What can be done about such a young fellow? If I had my way I should make him give the girls a wide berth for some years at least.

I wish the man could read some of the letters I get from young men who have been treated in that way. They have been kept away from girls so strictly that they are now too shy to meet them.

They blush and stammer in confusion every time a girl speaks to them.

Through sheer lack of experience they often choose the wrong type of girl for a wife. They allow themselves to be captured by the first girl who knows how to coax and flatter them. If they had been allowed to "mix" more they would be less liable to lose their heads.

The choosing of the right "mate" for a lifetime is of inestimable importance—far more important than the "job at the office." I wish the father who wrote that letter could believe this.

I wish some of the mothers would believe it, too. Many of them do everything in their power to prevent their sons from meeting girls until it is too late.

They want the boys to remain Peter Pans, and the Wendys go off and marry someone else.

This is the way boys and girls should grow up—frank and free.

Guineas for Readers

Every week HUMANIST tackles a post-bag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

STANDSTILL

NOT all the lies, nor all the guns, nor all the tanks, nor all the Huns, can keep in motion their Brute March; each Living Beast knows its own parch, but Iron Beasts driven at men's will come to a mute, abrupt standstill.

NOT all the plots, nor all the schemes, nor all "Mein Kampf's" blood-spattered reams, that shriek the Fuehrer's twisted views, can the Whole World's Fate confuse, for Sanity will in the end determine Man to be Man's Friend.

AND so these dreadful times will pass, as moisture fades upon a glass, leaving Life's surface crystal clear, but no man knows how far or near is the Great World-Salvation Hour which, when it strikes, will bring the Power of Evil to its Last Standstill before the Vast Might of God's Will.

J. M.

JUST A SNACK HOLIDAY

No ban on August Bank Holiday—subject to unforeseen circumstances—except for those on specially urgent production. Avoid travel if possible. That's the official decision. What will it be like?

By MAURICE FAGENCE

THIS is the week before August Bank Holiday. *Do you remember what it used to be like?*

Wives and mothers poring over lists of Things That Must Be Taken. Children too excited to sleep. Remember?

Railwaymen working throughout the night.

The woman at the Air Line booking office repeating over and over again: "Of course, you'll be safe, madam."

Pleasure steamers polished. "Old salts" polishing their stories. Landladies fidgeting.

Bank clerks handing out money every minute.

Away from the Humdrum

And the five thousand "men from Cook's" getting ready to shepherd their biggest flocks of the year.

Do you remember all the expectancy of that week in which Britain revolted against the humdrum?

Gone, all gone. Read how thoroughly it has all gone, and if you feel inclined to shed tears, let them be tears of pride.

If there is any place in the world where the men who are fighting this country's battles would like to spend next week it would be in their own homes.

Their wives and mothers would ask nothing better of life than that they should be there with them.

But Hitler ordained otherwise. . . .

So what about the people whose job it is to give those men the weapons with which to fight?

No, they will not go on holiday.

The Ministry of Aircraft Production expects a record number of planes next week. Eleven aircraft factories have positively guaranteed to break all production records. The workers have organised sweepstakes on the result.

Tank production will easily be the best since the war started. Shipyard riveters intend to give us their maddest symphony ever.

British war industry is going to devote its holidays to making "that man" feel uncomfortable.

Nor will there be buckets and spades for the children.

More than two hundred thousand of them will be helping the farmers in a small or big way.

There will be seaside crowds in a few places.

But Cook's say: "Most of those who booked through us are going away on doctors' orders. Young people are not holiday-making."

Good for them! And a holiday without young people is no holiday at all.

There will be no polishing up of pleasure steamers, for four out of five of them have grimmer jobs nowadays.

They wear war-garbs of camouflage. It covers even their Dunkirk wounds. They sweep dangerous seas. They chug out with ammunition for the fleet. They are earning their now-dirty brass.

There's foreign travel. The International Sleeping Car Company doesn't know where its rolling stock is nowadays. It is somewhere on the Continent. That's all they know.

That Railway Coach!

It is probably with that less resplendent rolling stock that rattled Britain's millions to Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, Bruges, all the places dear to the Britons with modest purses.

It rolls for the Germans, now. To bring up troops to threaten these isles. To carry the bombs to advanced German aerodromes on soil we love.

The last armistice was signed in a railway coach.

When history repeats itself, I hope they will give a third-class Boulogne-to-Paris coach defiled by the Germans a chance to redeem its character.

Not one airscrew will turn for a holiday-maker next week.

Imperial Airways is permitted no profits now. It draws a State wage for what it does.

It will carry nobody who hasn't a definite war mission in flying.

Many of its machines have gone to the R.A.F. Many of its pilots are flying bombers from America.

But it still maintains its regular services to India and Africa—although no mere holiday-maker is permitted to use them.

Now a War Machine

The fact is that all Britain's vast holiday machine has become part of our war machine.

The big travel agencies like Cook's, Lunns, and the Workers' Travel Association evacuated their thousands of workers from the invaded countries—and now, almost without exception, they do valuable jobs of work.

In Cook's more than in any other place you will realise how the war has changed us.

Yes, people gather round the counters still. Old, white-haired people. Young people. Many in uniform.

Cook's were asked to help in the work of sending messages from the people at home to loved ones in Germany or the occupied countries as prisoners of war or internees.

I saw them. I heard them. You can cheer their hearts in August Bank Holiday week.

Stoke up the furnaces to white heat. Pound the monster presses till bombs tumble out like ninepins. Rivet as you've never riveted before.

Each to his job with a little more determination than in any other week—because it is August Bank Holiday.

You'll hasten the day when the war-time visitors to Cook's meet their husbands and sons again.

What better holiday—I ask you?

A Smile that's worth while

A real Odol Smile is almost a National Asset these days. Don't take any chances with it. Don't risk using tooth-pastes which employ abrasives to secure whiteness. They can't avoid injuring the thin coating of enamel which alone prevents decay. What about the paste you are using now? Grind a little between your front teeth. If there's the least trace of grittiness, change to Odol. All dentists know Odol is absolutely safe, yet it makes and keeps your teeth like pearls.

Besides being perfect for natural teeth, Odol Tooth Powder cleans Palse Teeth and Plates beautifully. 7½d. a tin.

Keep the winning **Odol** *Smile!*

Tooth-paste 7½, 1/3, 1/10½ Solid Dentifrice, 7½. Including Purchase Tax.

Healthy dogs make good companions

Despite wartime handicaps, your dog will always be healthy and happy if you give him his regular Bob Martin's. Just 'one a day' will keep him always fit, friendly, companionable.

BOB MARTIN'S
CONDITION POWDERS
keep dogs fit

In packets: 9 powders 7d., 21 for 1/1½d. From all chemists, seedsmen, etc.

CORNS GO FAST

Apply *Dr. Scholl Zino-pads* and corn pain is gone—because the cause is gone—shoe pressure and friction. Medicated Disks, included in packet to quickly loosen Corns so that they lift right out. Special size *Zino-pads* for Callouses, Bunions, Soft Corns between toes.

SORE TOES, BLISTERS. *Dr. Scholl Zino-pads* protect your feet and toes from pinching shoes which cause Sore Toes, Blisters, Chafed Heels. Instantly relieve pain. At all Chemists and Dr. Scholl dealers. 1/3 per pkt.

Dr Scholl Zino-pads

THE KIND OF LAXATIVE THAT WOMEN OUGHT TO TAKE

If you only need a laxative at certain times and you don't find ordinary ones really suit you, here's news for you.

There's one laxative that's specially suitable for women's needs, a double purpose laxative that acts on the bowel gently and easily and clears away all impurities and waste without any purging or griping, and that tones up the liver at the same time.

It's called Karmoid, and is a special twofold laxative which you've simply got to try to see how well it makes you feel.

Besides, Karmoid is easy and pleasant to take. Just a little sugar-coated pill that tastes almost like a sweet.

You can get Karmoid at any chemist. Only 1/5d. a box. Family size 3/5d. Get some to-day before you forget.

SEND THIS COUPON TODAY FOR FREE BOOK ABOUT **RUPTURE**

To the BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD.,
(S406) 98, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
(S406) Hilton Chambers, Hilton Street, Stevenson Sq., Manchester, 1.

Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your illustrated Book showing Present Time Prices and full information about your Appliance for Rupture, also your 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER

Name .....

Address .....

.....

STOP THAT PAIN

2½d brings RELIEF

The QUICK Remedy for HEADACHE TOOTHACHE

There is no need to suffer that thumping headache. Get relief quickly and certainly for only 2½d.! Take a Beechams Powder. This famous remedy Acts Like Magic because of its special powder form. It is a wonderful "Pick-Me-Up" when you feel exhausted! Try it to-day.

Carton of 8 Powders 1/5. Single Powders 2½d each. (Including Purchase Tax). A Beecham Product.

BEECHAMS POWDERS

THE LAST LAUGH

G. G. J. (Thorney).—"The best after-dinner speech is brief, satisfying and altogether to the point." Such as, "No! Give *me* the bill, waiter."

G. N. (Altham).—"He is so absent-minded that on his wedding day he turned up at the register office with a dog licence." Perhaps that was the sort of life he expected to lead.

C. P. (Northfleet).—"I entered the office and the entire staff asked kindly after my health." They must have thought that you had come into the possession of a large packet of cigarettes.

P. A. (Thorne).—"I offered her my all, but she still hesitated." Are you sure it was your all? Did you remember your margarine coupons?

F. J. (Bromley).—"Last night I dreamt I fell off a cliff, and as I hurtled through the air everybody to whom I owe money appeared to me." It must have been a particularly high cliff!

S. Y. (Polegate).—"My wife will be surprised when I tell her I am going to give her a set of carvers for her birthday." She expects a fur coat?

D. E. (Ilminster).—"Do you know why my boss didn't sack me when I said he was an idiot?" He didn't hear you?

P. W. (Clapton).—"When I called at your office, you talked like a fool." We had to, so that you could understand.

Barber (East Grinstead).—"The customer was going a bit thin on top, so I asked him if he had tried our hair restorer." But he admitted it wasn't that?

Artist (Finchley).—"I hope I am able to get along to the beauty contest next week and see the face of the girl who wins." We'd like to see the faces of the other girls.

G. W. (Leominster).—"I am thinking of taking a wife." We hope someone will warn the husbands in your neighbourhood in time.

M. T. (Guildford).—"I understand that a man on the Stock Exchange is called a bull or a bear. What is the proper name for a man who plays the stock market?" An ass.

N. B. (Bow).—"A waiter must learn how to recommend the perfectly balanced meal." And carry it on the perfectly balanced tray.

G. B. (Clapton).—"I called on you yesterday and told you my hard-luck story. Now you've had time to think it over, what would you do if you were in my shoes?" Clean them.

M. T. (Berkhamsted).—"I enclose a record of myself singing the Toreador song. Do you think I shall be able to do anything with my voice?" It might be useful in case of fire.

Old 'Un (Lewes).—"I've got some port that's twenty years old." If we were staying with you it wouldn't live another minute.

G. N. (Ipswich).—"What will you have in your garden if the sun beats down day after day without respite?" A pint of beer in a tankard.

C. S. (Deal).—"When I went to visit an old friend of mine, I noticed that he took an umbrella out of the hall and put it into a spare room. Do you think he imagined I would steal it?" No; recognise it, perhaps.

D. F. (Bournemouth).—"I may be only a beach singer, but I take off my hat to no man." Not even when you have finished your song?

"Nao! I don't reckon they'll try and invade England, mate. Mind yer, if we 'ad a Non-Invasion Pact with 'em they would"

G. M. (Norwich).—"Ants are patient insects." They have to be, nowadays, with all the waiting about for picnic parties that don't arrive.

H. Y. (Ewell).—"My outdoor tomatoes put my neighbour's completely in the shade." Then the latter won't have much chance to ripen.

F. M. (Grendon).—"What do Germans make mostly in the Ruhr district?" Dashes for air-raid shelters.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

● "If I could get my fare to Manchester, I have relatives there who could get me a job," writes Charles Charlick, of Ely.

This man is only twenty-eight. Before being called up he owned a small business which enabled him to keep his wife and three children in moderate comfort. Recently he was discharged from the Army, suffering from neurasthenia.

Whilst serving, his home was ruined through enemy action, and the family evacuated from London.

After receiving outdoor relief for two weeks the authorities refused to do anything more than accommodate this man and his family in the Poor Law Institution.

Donations earmarked "Own Business," or for our General Fund, should be posted to the Secretary, John Bull War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

There are no deductions for administration expenses. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2s. 6d. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side Slips."

Kentish Times:—"Some summonses relating to unpaid gas bills had not been served. . ."

Oxford Mail:—"Some reached the outskirts of the Cabinet, but were quickly driven off."

CASH WINNERS

PRIZES VALUE OVER £325 WON IN "BULLETS" No. 1,281 and XWORD No. 233.

£50 FIRST PRIZE:—
Pte. A. Leigh, 7th Batt. Border Regiment, Somerham-in-Ketain.
Example: IMPOSSIBLE TASK
Bullet: BEFORE US? AS BEFORE!
£20: J. Brandon, L.A.C., R.A.F., Somewhere-in-Britain.
Example: Lightning Warfare
Bullet: "Blitz," Without Mass Fear
£10: W. H. Masters, 50, Barney Lane, Alum Rock, Birmingham.
Example: Give Us The Life-Line, And
Bullet: "Make It Fast," Roosevelt!
£5: J. Beard, 77, Pensby Cross Lane, nr. Heswall.
To Rebuild Britain—"Honeybags" Ready—"Sock" Him!
£4: F. Drew, "Treetops," Cruddon Road, Otterhampton.
To Rebuild Britain—"You Are A Hero!"
£3: C. C. Wisher, St. John's "A," Millcrest Road, Biggin Hill, Kent.
Adding To Our Strength—Hammer, Stable—"Hammer" Stable
£2: Mrs. C. Thomson, 28, Queen's Park Avenue, Edinburgh.
Our Aim—Lucid—Buckle Time Bomb!
50s.: Mrs. Green, 99, Evans Street, Preston
To Get The Surrender—No Difficulty, *Britannia's* "Rules"
50s.: J. Ogilvie, "Hillview," Kingsmuir, Forfar, Angus.
Our Aim—Goliath's Appetite—Bantam's Eye!
50s.: Mrs. Wadsley, c/o F. R. Edmondson, 114, 99, York Place, Leeds.
Corporal Mangosh—"Napoleon," Till Doomsday Reached!
37s.: A. A. Asting, 8, Rookery Lane, Bottom-in-Ashfield.
Now Bull's Got A Rise—No Bun, Cigarettes, Tobacco!
30s.: A. Lebedis, 2, Maybank Street, Glasgow
Our Aim—Shown Frying-pan—Finished Bacon!

A list of 3 Winners of 25s., 20 Winners of 5s. and 60 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

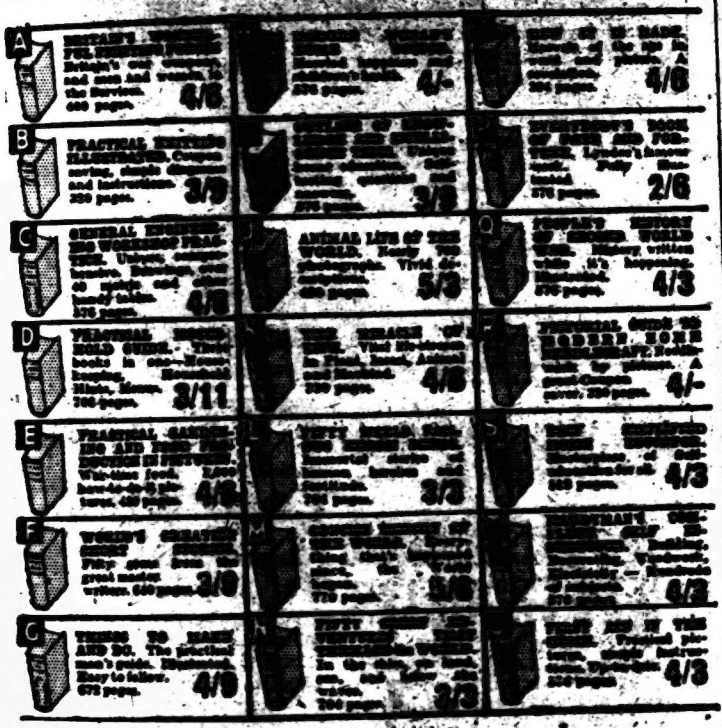
£100 WOE IN X-WORD No. 226
WINNING WORDS:—1. Tide. 2. Glacier. 3. Chair. 4. Waters. 5. Pools. 6. Cat. 7. Bath. 8. Wretch. 9. Rush. 10. Punk. 11. Shoe. 12. Valve. 13. Post. 14. Sleek or Slick. 15. Wage.

£100 SHARERS: Sg. R. Aitken, Mess 1, 193-139, H.M.S. Lydd, c/o G.P.O., London; E. H. Cuthbert, Salcombe Regis, Sidmouth, Devon; Mrs. H. A. Jay, 110, Woodhouse Rd., Wheatley, Doncaster; Mrs. F. A. Orchard, 20, Coombe Lane, Westbury-on-Trym; J. B. Robbins, 68, Chipperfield Rd., Castle Bromwich, Birmingham; R. J. Wood, 28, Cypress Ave., Johnstone, Renfrew.
Runners-up Awards, value £65, shared between 150 entrants.

THIS WEEK'S OFFERS, with PRIZES value over £325, AWAIT YOU ON OPPOSITE PAGE

THE VERY BOOKS YOU WANT—JUST WHEN YOU WANT THEM!

HERE is the world's greatest book opportunity for every reader of "John Bull." The amazing "part-time bargains" below are offered to introduce you to the Privilege Fabric Book Club, the only Club of its kind in the world. You can secure any number of these volumes at astounding prices, with delivery FORTNIGHTLY OR MONTHLY, as you wish. Make your selection NOW, as directed in the form below. We send you a Privilege Service for the book you want first. You then release this Service with your membership and your volumes in magnificent carriage paid. Your next Service thus comes to you, and so on, until you have all the books you require. You carry, if you wish, have a FAMILY of books delivered AT ONCE as directed in the form below.


A
Britain's own country, and men and women in the Services. 4/6
B
PRACTICAL KNITTING ILLUSTRATED. Complete sewing, simple dressmaking and instructions. 3/9
C
GENERAL KNITTING AND WOOLWORK PRACTICE. Unique, comprehensive. Stitches, and so quick and easy to learn! 4/6
D
PRACTICAL HOME BOOKS. Three books in one—Home Doctor, Household Hints, Home. 3/11
E
PRACTICAL GARDENING AND FRUIT GROWING. Complete in two volumes. Fully illustrated. 4/6
F
WORLD'S GREATEST SPORT. Fifty great men on great sports written. 3/9
G
THINGS TO MAKE AND DO. The practical man's guide. Illustrated. Easy to follow. 4/6
ANIMAL LIFE OF THE WORLD. Really fine photographs. Vivid descriptions. 5/3
HISTORY OF THE WORLD. Fascinating volumes which tell what happened. Illustrated. 4/3
ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF HOME REMEDIES. Vivid illustrations in Plain, Easy, Accurate and Detailed. 4/6
HOBBIES. HOME HANDICRAFT. Profusely illustrated. Complete instructions. 4/-
HOME MECHANICS. Vivid illustrations. Simple, Accurate. 3/3
HOME DOCTOR. Practical advice on illnesses, injuries and ailments. 4/3
HOME MECHANICS. Vivid illustrations. Simple, Accurate. 4/3
HOME DOCTOR. Practical advice on illnesses, injuries and ailments. 4/3

Prices include Postage, Packing, Insurance, etc.

THE PRIVILEGE FABRIC BOOK CLUB,
(Odhams Press Ltd.) Dept. J.B.A., TIMES LAMBERT, STREET

DO THIS NOW

The key letters below tally with those against each book title above. Indicate the books you want and the order in which you would prefer them by writing the figures 1, 2, 3, etc., below the key letters of the books selected. If the book you want first is "E," write the figure 1 under the letter "E" and so on. Indicate the period of fortnightly or monthly delivery each book (fortnightly or monthly) by crossing out below the period NOT required. If any book is out of stock the next book on your list will be sent. If you would like a FAMILY of books sent to you AT ONCE indicate the volumes you would like in your parcel by putting an "X" under the key letters. Show parcel by figures, and endorse the appropriate bank mandate.

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K

L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U

I desire one book sent to me every FORTNIGHT/MONTH
Cross out, period NOT desired. CARRIAGE PAID HOME

Name .....
Address .....
Town .....
County .....

A Handy Home for your printed Order must be firmly attached here by you. Write Name in Block Letters.

NAME .....
FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....

9/6/41. 37/3
Offer applies only to G.B. Britain, N. Ireland and Eire. (37/3) 9/6/41

If it were not for PHOSFERINE

I would not be equal to the work.

Mr. W. C., of Kentish Town, writes:
"Disabled in 1915, I am once again doing my little best as a Marshal during 'Alert' periods. If it were not for Phosferine I would not be equal to the work. I know that, for the tonic effects are too obvious to be overlooked. I am fully aware how Phosferine Tablets have tended to increase an appetite once erratic, and have infused me with endurance that even yet I cannot fully realise. I hope Phosferine will increase in popularity, for it is truly on National Service."

PHOSFERINE, Tablets or Liquid, 1/5, 3/5 & 5/6 (including Purchase Tax).
Two tablets equal ten drops of Liquid. The 3/5 size is nearly four times the 1/5 size: you save 2/-.

PHOSFERINE *Brand*

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Depression	Neuralgia	Sciatica
Headache	Sleeplessness	Anæmia
Indigestion	Influenza	Debility
Brain Fag	Rheumatism	Neurasthenia

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily: If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

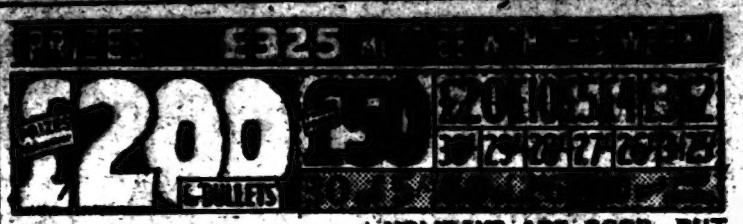
Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/5 and 3/5.

QUICK TREATMENT IS SURE INSURANCE

Minor Wounds may lead to serious Dangers. Treat them QUICKLY. LION, the old reliable Ointment brings inflammation out; prevents it spreading; forms clean, healthy skin from underneath.

Safe and sure for Boils, Carbuncles, Abscesses, Eczema, Impetigo, even Bad Legs. *Chemists, 1/5, 3/5, 5/6 a box (incl. Purchase Tax).*

for CUTS WOUNDS BITES STINGS



USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a *Bullet* simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below.

HITTING THE HOME
FLOOD OF MUNITIONS
WISE PRECAUTION
SHOWS HE'S A MUDDLER
AMERICA WILL HELP, BUT
PUSHING AND SHOVING
BRITANNIA'S BATTLEDRESS
PATRIOTIC HOUSEWIFE
FOR NOTHING
HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF, SO

COMPLETE YOUR RESULT as page 14

HOLIDAYS ARE GOOD, BUT
HARD-WORKING CHAP
FARING
JUST LIKE FATHER
TOO OLD
PLUNDERING THE POOR
BLACK SHEEP
A LITTLE LESS
"DON'T WORRY!"
BE QUICK ABOUT IT, OR

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

Outwitted The .....
Wherever They .....
..... Opportunity
We Need ....., So
In ..... To-morrow
Dad's Got ....., But

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

Plain paper entry equally eligible.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets* on this coupon.

P.O. Value..... No. .....

Signed .....
Address .....
.....

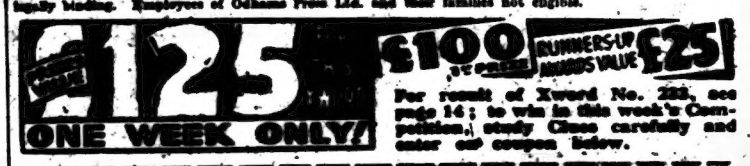
1,285 Closing Postmark, MON., AUG. 11.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY — With "Bullets" you may enclose Xwords—one entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES

1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Towards First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, Awards range £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Award Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Result in late, not posted. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—Postal Order or Stamps must be enclosed for entry-fee at rate of 6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated August 30, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.



For result of Xword No. 233, see page 14; to win in this week's Competition, study Clues carefully and enter our coupon below.

TRY JOHN BULL'S 10 MINUTE XWORD No. 237

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	5P Entry-fee for 1 Col.									5P	5P	5P
1 Good men are definitely this in handroom army work		M	A		T	E	D					
2 When trapped, one doesn't find it easy to escape		C	A		T	O	R					
3 If urged on by boss, average girl is likely to do this		M	O		E							
4 Actor put disguise himself by putting on sinister one		M	A		K							
5 Workmen who does this badly couldn't be surprised if head flies off the handle	H	A	M		E	R	S					
6 It's often part of a spy's job to flirt with	D	A	N		E	R						
7 Church organist must watch his		S	T		P	S						
8 A little fruit helps to make one		P	A		T	Y						
9 Prior can get over difficult passage if he has enough of this	G	R	I									
10 In some cases milk that is is impossible to see through		J	U		G	L	E					
11 You can feed one with oil			F		A	M	E					
12 Fellows who do this are commonly likely to get caught by the police		B	U		G	L	E					
13 Is usually given instantly, and correctly by highly efficient shop-assistants	C	H	A		G	E						
14 You're unlikely to get real love from person with heart of this	F	L	I		T							

PLAIN PAPER Send in entries on this coupon at rate of 6d. for each 2 columns submitted. Extra entries on plain paper equally eligible — same rate of entry-fee.

Closing MON., Postmark AUG. 11.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee.

P.O. value .....
No. .....
Signed .....
Address .....
.....

—CUT ROUND THIS LINE—

ADDRESS YOUR ENTRY — "Bullets" No. 1,285—or Xword No. 237, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

BUILDERS
YOU ARE IN THE BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC

In the battle for Britain's lifeline there are hundreds of important jobs for you to do—Air Fields, Aerodromes, Factories, Warehouses, Fuel Stores, etc. The speedy completion of each one means a great contribution to our gathering strength.

Ministry of Works

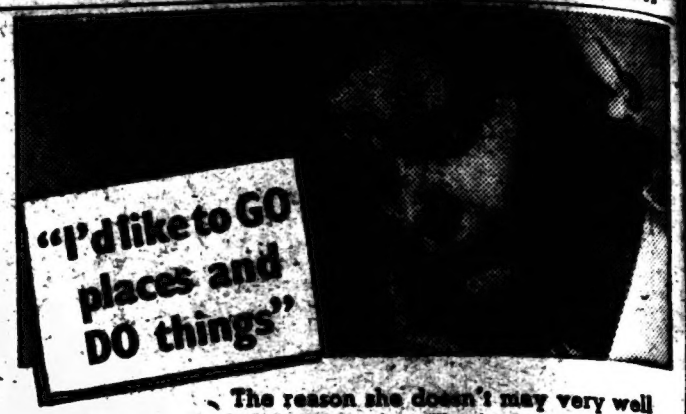
"WINDOWS GLEAM 3 TIMES QUICKER"

I SHAKE WINDOLENE ON TO A POROUS CLOTH
SPREAD IT OVER THE WHOLE WINDOW—IT FORMS A WHITE FILM
LET IT DRY A MOMENT, GIVE A QUICK POLISH — AND THE GLASS SPARKLES!

Windolene is so beautifully easy to use! No water splashing, no hard rubbing! Windolene cleans in a jiffy. It's economical, too. Get it from your grocer or ironmonger, and see what a new sparkle it brings to your windows and mirrors.

Windolene
CLEANS WINDOWS EASILY

BLUBELL POLISH CO., LONDON, W.C.1 (RECKITT & SONS)



The reason she doesn't may very well be, because she has bad breath. That's the tragedy of this all-too-common fault. It offends everyone else except yourself.

Remember, dentists say:

TESTS SHOW THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. THAT'S WHY DENTISTS RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM.

Colgate's has an active penetrating foam which delves right into the hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps clear away decaying food particles and stops those stagnant saliva odours that cause much bad breath.

Change to Colgate's and see how that penetrating foam makes your mouth feel clean and refreshed. Watch how your teeth grow brighter, more sparkling. You'll love its flavour, too. It's quite the pleasant way to conquer bad breath.

THE LARGEST TUBE AT THE PRICE

3 sizes, 7½d., 1/1, 1/10½d. *Including Tax*

For Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

Take it!

The Wonder Tablet

—And Stop Limping

NO ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of *'Elasto.'* Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds heal, piles disappear, and rheumatism, in all its forms, is literally swept out of the system. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*: it is the natural result of the revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by *'Elasto,' the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.* Write NOW for a generous free sample of Elasto and interesting Booklet explaining this new science of Natural Healing *and make the discovery of a lifetime. 'Elasto' is sold by Chemists everywhere.*

'ELASTO,' (Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

Leave lavatory-cleaning to HARPIC

1 **JUST SPRINKLE IN AND LEAVE**

Last thing at night is a good time to use Harpic in the lavatory. Sprinkle in and leave it till morning.

2 **WHOLE BOWL GLEAMS WHITE**

In the morning, flush and you will find the lavatory pan is white and clean; all discoloration has vanished.

3 **CLEANS S-BEND, TOO**

The part you *see* is clean, and so is the important part you can't see—the S-bend in the pipe at the back. Everything is sanitary and safe. And so easily, so *cleanly!*

'NOTHING TAKES THE PLACE OF HARPIC

Harpic is specially made for cleaning the lavatory. That's why it works so thoroughly and surely. From now on, *leave it to Harpic.* Get some to-day!

'HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

Germolene
Brand ANTISEPTIC OINTMENT
heals SUMMER SKIN TROUBLES

Stop those Summer Skin Troubles with the wonderful aid of Germolene. Until you have actually tried and experienced its soothing and healing properties you cannot know what real skin comfort means.

The sting and pain of SUNBURN is banished with the first touch of Germolene, which cools, soothes and heals.

The fierce irritation of INSECT BITES is ended by Germolene which reduces swelling and removes the danger of blood poisoning.

The intense itching and soreness of HEAT RASH is instantly healed by Germolene, which banishes the blemishes, removes the soreness and makes your skin clear and clean.

Germolene is the world's greatest healer. Even long-standing sores and the most obstinate fig trouble cannot withstand its healing power. It is also supremely effective in all cases of ECZEMA, ABSCESSES, BOILS, CUTS, BURNS, WOUNDS, CHILBLAINS

Sold Everywhere, 7d., 1/3, 2/3 and 5/3 Per Tin *Including Purchase Tax*

ASTHMA
MADE HER FEEL LIKE SUICIDE

Only Do-Do Gave Relief

IF YOU are tempted to regard your Asthma as "different" and beyond relief, consider very carefully the case of Mrs. L. I. of Shepherds Bush, London. On December 27th, 1939, she wrote, and after describing in detail how serious chest illnesses developed into stubborn Asthma, went on:

"In October this year I was again taken to hospital with another severe attack. I was having injections and nasal sprays. I have also had an operation on my nose, thinking it would improve matters. It did, but only for a time, and then I was as bad as ever. I was so distressed I used to feel like suicide. Then I decided to try a packet of Do-Do Tablets, and I was amazed at the result. . . . I found the attacks so much less severe, and now I am taking only one each night before going to bed. It is now four weeks since I had an attack, and it is only due to Do-Do. I can't speak too highly of them, and it costs me only a shilling a week. . . . I will never be without them again."

Do-Do (brand) Asthma Tablets are sold by Qualified Chemists everywhere. Get a shilling packet (7 full doses) today! Larger sizes for economy: 2s. (over 4 times the 1s. size) and 10s. 6d. (17 times the 1s. size). With Purchase Tax the prices are 1s. 1½d., 2s. 4½d., and 11s. 10d. respectively.

Do-Do
ASTHMA TABLETS
INTERNATIONAL LABORATORIES LTD. CHARLBURY, Oxon.

Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Post free Inland and Abroad 13s. 4d. per annum. Canada 12s. 2d. per annum. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for Australia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., and Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A.

J.B.L. 187 ★ 174